

John Dick 3/13 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

If the show of live stock at the Agricultural Hall this week was not the very finest in respect of quality that has ever been held under the auspices of the Smithfield Club, it was undoubtedly the largest collection that has been brought together since the society first commenced its operations in Goswell-street, more than half a century ago. The present is the third occasion on which the large hall at Islington has witnessed this annual gathering, and the increase of entries each year in the interval has been unprecedented. In 1861, the date of the last show in Baker-street, the entries reached 349; in 1862, when the first show took place at the new hall, they had grown to 419; last year they came to 455; and this year they have jumped up to 532, with promise of further augmentation as the years roll on. Unless some regulations of a restrictive character be adopted, there is no saying indeed where this state of things will cease; but that a check will become necessary is apparent; for at its present rate of progress the show is not unlikely at an early period to exceed the limits of the accommodation, vast as that is, and possibly deteriorate in the public estimation, by the encouragement given for the exhibition, in excessive amount, of an inferior description of animals.

These annual exhibitions may now be regarded not only as

national in their scope and object, but even cosmopolitan in the interest they excite on the Continent, in America, and the colonies; and we may rely upon it that enterprising foreigners are keenly alive to the value of possessing the breeds of cattle and sheep which attain the distinction of bearing off the prizes of the Smithfield Club and the Royal Agricultural Society. Hence the fact that the best of our produce for breeding purposes has been exported in such large quantities in recent years. But improvements in live stock cannot, from the nature of things, advance with the celerity that marks the application of science to the cultivation of the soil. It is a work slow and gradual in its operation and in the development of its results; but these, when achieved, are most valuable, and eventually constitute an item in the nation's wealth.

As already intimated, the recent show, though immense, does not equal many of its predecessors in the matter of quality; but it has the merit of comprising a less number of second-rate animals than that of last year, and upon the whole the competition in all departments was much keener, especially among the cattle classes. This was made strikingly apparent when the judges on Monday proceeded to award the silver cup for the best oxen or steer in the yard. Up to this point the duties of these gentlemen had been comparatively light and easy. Nobody could doubt, for example, that Lord Walsingham's beauti-

ful pen of Southdowns were entitled to the silver cup as the best short-woolled sheep; that Mr. John Overman's pen of cross-bred Southdowns and Leicester were justly awarded the silver cup as the best pen of cross-breeds, or that the gold medal was properly conferred upon Mr. Saunders's pen of best Dorset pigs. So also with the prize animals in each of the several classes. The adjudications in every instance seems to have given the utmost satisfaction. It was only when the judges for cattle had to determine between the rival claims of the premier prizes in the various classes of steers—Devon, Hereford, and Shorthorns—that any real difficulty was experienced. For the first time the judges discharged their functions in the presence and under the very eye of the public, and their proceedings were watched with intense interest by several hundreds of persons, amongst whom were to be found a considerable number of the most influential and intelligent landlords and farmers in the kingdom. To avoid interruption each end of the central avenue was roped off, and the prize beasts led into the open space, where they were arranged in the most convenient positions for inspection. The process of weeding the inferior animals was then gone through, and as these retired one by one to their respective lairs, the number was gradually reduced to four—namely, Mr. Frampton's three-year-old Devon steer, Mr. Phillips's four years and four months Hereford, Mr. Martin's four years and



BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.—PRIZE FOULTRY. (See page 402.)

ten months shorthorn and cross-bred; and Mr. Kirkham's two years and six months shorthorn. Eventually the first and third of these were withdrawn, and the contest remained to be decided between Mr. Phillips's Hereford and Mr. Kirkham's shorthorn. The former of these (No. 53 in the catalogue) was the winner of the cup at the Birmingham Show of the Midland Counties Agricultural Society, and is as magnificent an animal as heart of butcher could desire. In all points—barrel, flank, back thighs; in the quality of the skin and touch of the flesh—it is perfect. On the other hand, its shorthorn competitor was considered by outsiders to be deficient in some of these respects. It was pronounced thin in the flank and hollow at the shoulder and buttocks; and public favour, as well as public expectation, was all but unanimous on the side of its splendid rival. Great was the disappointment felt, therefore, and loud the murmurs which arose when the final decision of the judges was known to have been given on behalf of the shorthorn. It was declared to be altogether a mistake, and some gentlemen—we take them to have been Hereford breeders—carried their criticisms still further, and talked of the prejudices of the Smithfield Club against the beasts which win the cups at the Birmingham shows. It is due to the judges in this instance to say that the shorthorn to which they awarded the coveted prize was not so highly fed as the Hereford, whilst in all probability they were mainly influenced in their decision by the fact that its rival was more than a year and a half older. With regard to the experiment of a "public judging," it has now been tried, and is viewed with so much approbation that it will be the established practice of the club at all future shows.

In no class of stock in its order, it may be briefly stated that the Devon cattle included some very beautiful specimens. Among them were several from the stock of the late Prince Consort, said to have been selected by her Majesty for exhibition. Upon the whole there was a falling-off here, owing chiefly, it is understood, to the drought of the past year and the failure which for two or three years in succession has attended the rearing of calves. The Herefords of every class were a splendid lot, and the collection displays a marked superiority over the shorthorns both in steers and heifers, though curiously enough a roan shorthorn heifer appropriated the silver cup as the best in any of the classes. The Sussex breed of cattle continued to improve, but every year it exhibits a nearer and nearer approach to the Devon, with which they are sometimes confounded, and for which they may well be mistaken. There were some nice specimens of polled Norfolk and Suffolk beasts, several gigantic West Highlanders, wild, shaggy, and ferocious-looking creatures; and, lastly, a few Kerry cows, whose really pretty forms, glossy coats, and springy flesh denote great improvement in a description of stock that would be an ornament in the park lands of England.

In the sheep department, the South Downs maintained their high character without abatement; Leicesters, too, were a fair show. There were also pens of Lincoln, Cotswolds, Romney Marsh, Shropshire, Cheviot, Exmoor, Hampshire and Wiltshire Downs, and Oxford Downs—these last being a breed of sheep obtained by crossing Southdowns and Cotswolds.

The show of pigs was larger than usual, and perhaps almost the only department in which decided improvement in quality may be noted. The pen of three which won the gold medal as the best in the yard was worthy of all the admiration that the contemptible butcher or sausage maker bestowed upon it. Altogether, the pigs proved a very attractive portion of the show, in spite of their foul manners and the disagreeable atmosphere by which they were surrounded, and which no system of ventilation can absolutely cure. The annex where they are exhibited is the one spot in the whole building from which the "blast against tobacco," in the shape of notices prohibitory of smoking, ought to be removed.

FRIZE BIRDS AT THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

On our first page we give an illustration of several of the principal classes of birds which came in for the greatest share of admiration at the late Birmingham Show, the particulars of which we gave in our last.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

TWO GIRLS KILLED BY A MAIL TRAIN.

On Sunday last a shocking occurrence took place on the South-Eastern Railway, between Dover and Folkestone, by the mail express train which leaves the former place at 4.15 p.m. It appears that three young women living at Folkestone had been spending Sunday with their parents, who live at the Pelter Coast-guard station. On returning in the afternoon they seem to have been desirous of taking the shortest way. Hence they ventured to trespass along the South-Eastern line instead of going by the road, which is about a mile further. When they had proceeded some distance one of them, who had left some article behind her, went back to fetch it, while the others walked slowly along. The girls thus passed along on the line of the up-rails until they reached midway between Abbot's Cliff and Martello Tunnel, when the express train came on at full speed, and ran over the poor girls. The engine driver blew his whistle immediately on seeing their perilous position, but this was unheard or unheeded until it was too late. The two unfortunate girls were killed upon the spot, their bodies being horribly mutilated. The sad news of the occurrence was soon made known, and when the mangled bodies were conveyed back to the Coast-guard station the scene was a most heartrending and painful one.

On Monday afternoon J. Minter, Esq., opened a coroner's inquest at the Railway Bell, Folkestone, on the bodies of the two young women.

George Mercer, carpenter, said: I was in the Warren on Sunday afternoon a few minutes after four. I was at the top of the embankment on the sea side, waiting towards Dover. I first saw two females walking, one in the six feet between the rails, and the other in the four feet up-line. At the same time saw the train approaching, about thirty yards off. I halted one to the women. They both ran to get out of the way, and one of them was upon the rails when the engine struck them, and knocked them down. I immediately went down, and picked one of them up; they both appeared quite dead.

William Pepler, of 3, Cooper's-road, Old Kent-road, London: I am an engine-driver in the employ of the South Eastern Railway. On Sunday I drove the engine of the 4.15 up-mail train from Dover. We left Dover punctual, and just before reaching the Martello Tunnel, it being rather dark, I saw two females on the down road, and went to the other side of the engine, when I saw them cross over in front of the engine towards the up side. I blew my whistle, and put on the brakes, but could not stop the train, as we were going at about forty miles an hour.

The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

The *Messenger de Provence* gives an account of a hermit who has been living in solitude for three years past in the forest of Maures, near Pierre-en-Vari. His garments consist of coarse wrapper and round he is waisted by a girdle, and his only food consists of wild berries, roots, and herbs. Who he is, or whence he came no one knows, but from his language he is generally supposed to belong to a good family, and all believe that he has adopted his present austere mode of life for the purpose of meditation, prayer, and penitence. The *Messenger* takes the not unnecessary precaution of adding that "from his conversation he does not appear to be insane."

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning, at five o'clock, Mr. John Fitch, aged fifty-two who for the last fourteen years has carried on an extensive business as a pork butcher, in Crawford-street, Marylebone, left his home for the avowed purpose of going to Newgate-market instead of carrying out this intention Mr. Fitch wandered moodily up and down the Eglware-road until half-past six o'clock. At that time he was at the corner of Cuthbert-street, and a timber waggon, containing six tons of timber, and drawn by four horses, was coming down the road in the direction of the Marble Arch. On the waggon arriving opposite Cuthbert-street Mr. Fitch deliberately stepped into the centre of the road, and, lying down, placed his head against one of the fore wheels of the waggon, which was moving along very slowly. This presented such an obstacle to the traction of the waggon that it actually stopped, but not until the wheel had smashed in the entire back part of Mr. Fitch's head, causing instantaneous death.

At the Leicestershire assizes, on Monday, before Mr. Justice Mellor, John Potter, a grocer, of Thringstone, was arraigned on the charge of the attempting to murder his sweetheart, Sarah Ann North, by cutting her throat with a razor, while she was looking in a shop window in Whitwick market-place, on the night of the 12th of November. Mr. Palmer prosecuted; and the prisoner was defended by Mr. Orridge. It will be remembered that the prisoner and Miss North had kept company for about seven years, and the result of their intimacy was the birth of an illegitimate child, which was affiliated in January last. In consequence of the prisoner getting in arrears with his payments, she took out a warrant to compel him to pay, and on his next meeting he upbraided her for doing so. On the night in question they met at the house of an acquaintance, Mrs. Gough, in Whitwick, and after some conversation the three went to the market-place. On their way thither the prisoner wanted the prosecutrix to take a walk down a dark lane, but she refused to go with him until he became a steady man. Prisoner then left them, and Miss North and Mrs. Gough, who are milliners, went on and were looking in the shop-window belonging to Mr. Brooks, draper, when the prisoner came behind them, pulled the prosecutrix's head back and cut her throat in two places; he then ran away, but in a few minutes after was seen in a public-house at Thringstone, with a white-handled razor in his hand, and told a friend, John McDowell, that "he had done it." Prisoner was apprehended at half-past eight the same night, in the Fox public house, Thringstone, when in reply to the charge he said "He did not cut the prosecutrix's throat; but they might take him and hang him, for he would as leave be hanged as look at the fire." The injury inflicted on Miss North was but of a very slight nature; the greatest cut, although it bled profusely at the time, being healed in a few days. It was subsequently discovered that prisoner on the night in question borrowed the razor during the time he was absent from the prosecutrix at a hair-dresser's shop in Whitwick, under the pretext that he wanted to shave; the instrument has not yet been found. The jury, after being addressed by Mr. Orridge, found the prisoner guilty of unlawfully wounding only, and the learned judge sentenced him to one year's hard labour in the House of Correction.

On Saturday last, Miss Martha Jane Gledhill, a milliner, of Mirfield, near Dewsbury, the daughter of a widow who owns some landed property in that village, was brought before a magistrate, on remand, charged with having set fire to a stack of wheat, the property of Mr. R. Hurst, maltster. The hearing lasted nearly eight hours. The evidence was to the effect that Mr. Hurst who is the owner of some maltings built on land adjoining Mrs. Gledhill's property, claims a right of way over an occupation road, which passes through one of her fields, and on the 10th ult., acting under legal advice, he set some men to work to dig up some chafed posts which opposed the free passage of his carts, and with a horse dragged them away. Mrs. Gledhill and two of her daughters (the prisoner being one) were present during the time this was being done and it was alleged that the prisoner made use of threats to the effect that she would stab Mr. Hurst, would be revenged upon him, and that if she had a pistol she would shoot him. She was seen to return home, and make her appearance again this time dressed in black, and wearing a broad-brimmed hat of the same colour. She went towards a lane leading to Mr. Hurst's house and stackyard; a woman resembling her was seen in the lane itself immediately afterwards, and subsequently she was met on a path not far from the stacks—a footpath, however, which did not lead to them. In a very short time a wheat stack—one standing close to the side of a lane into which the path runs—was observed to be on fire at the part most easily accessible to a passenger that way, and it was utterly destroyed, though the other produce in the yard was saved. A number of witnesses were examined for the defence, but their evidence failed to convince the bench of the prisoner's innocence, and she was committed for trial at the assizes. Bail, was, however, allowed.

THE TALLEST SOLDIER IN HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.—Corporal Moffat, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, at present stationed in Kelso on the recruiting staff, is believed to be the tallest soldier in the army. His height is six feet seven and a half inches, and he is proportionately stout. Corporal Moffat joined the Scots Fusiliers about two years and a half ago, is about twenty-four years of age, and is a native of Litholm, near Kelso. Previous to joining the Fusiliers, he worked on the Duke of Roxburghe's estates as forester for a considerable time. Growing tired of that occupation, however, he offered to join the Life Guards, but was rejected owing to his immense height and weight. Nothing daunted by this, Moffat determined if possible, to join the Scots Fusiliers, and proceeded immediately to London for that purpose, and was quickly accepted. As Corporal Moffat is well known in the Kelso district he will doubtless be of great assistance to the recruiting party stationed there.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—While staying at the Bedford Hotel, Faversham, Mr. Whitaker, of Exeter, attempted to deprive himself of life by stabbing himself several times with a pen-knife. Mr. Whitaker is the surveyor of the county bridges, and on Thursday week he arrived at Faversham to transact some business. When he went to bed he desired some of the servants to wake him at an early hour the following morning, as he intended to go to Linton. At about five o'clock on the Friday morning, having been called in accordance with his request, he got up and went out for a walk. He returned to the hotel after he had been absent some time and had his breakfast. It was then between eight and nine o'clock. After breakfast he went up-stairs to his bedroom, and nothing more was seen or heard of him till about eleven o'clock, when he rang the bell for a servant. When one of the servants answered the bell he was in bed, and desired to have a doctor fetched immediately as he was very ill. Mr. John Pease, surgeon, was sent for at once, and he arrived soon afterwards and examined his patient, who was found to have stabbed himself three or four times in the region of the heart, and to be bleeding profusely. The knife had been driven so deeply into his side that he was unable to draw it out and it was still there when Mr. Pease came. Mr. Pease sent for Mr. E. F. Leeson, surgeon, to assist in the operation which it was necessary to perform in order to extract the knife. Notwithstanding the efforts which have been made by both these gentlemen, no hopes of his recovery are entertained.—*Western Daily Mercury.*

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Foreign News.

FRANCE.

M. Mocquard, the Emperor's friend and secretary, is dangerously ill. The Emperor's kindness to his few faithful adherents is proverbial; it is not, therefore, surprising that his Majesty should have travelled from Compiègne to visit his old friend. M. Mocquard is now in his seventy-second year, and during his long career he has "lived" every day and every night of his life, and his constitution is much shaken. The Emperor's medical attendants despair of his recovery.

The persons forming part of the third series of guests at Compiègne returned to Paris on Sunday. Those of the fourth series left Paris at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. Among them are the Princess Mathilde; Earl Cowley, the English ambassador; Chevalier Nigra, the Italian minister; M. Rouher, Rear-Admiral Baron de la Rouchère Le Noury, and the Duke de Persigny. They will remain at Compiègne until Saturday the 10th, and the Emperor and Empress are expected to return to Paris on Monday, the 12th. Amateur theatricals and charades are the order of the day and night at Compiègne. The guests at the chateau have just played "Les Saltimbanques," in which the Duchesses of Morny and Cadore, Madame Magan, the Marquises de Cadore and Ocazi played the principal parts.

GREECE.

The King of the Greeks has taken the oath to the new constitution, and the National Assembly, having finished at last its long-protracted labours, has been dissolved, to the great gratification of all parties concerned.

AMERICA.

The *New York Herald* gives circulation to the following report of an interview between Mr. Seward and the French ambassador at Washington, M. Threillard:—

"On his return from Auburn Mr. Seward received the visit of M. Threillard, the present representative of France. After the usual compliments on Mr. Lincoln's re-election, M. Threillard opened the conversation by stating that he had recently been informed of the anxious desire of the Government to make peace, and, as the Emperor had always been the warm advocate of that policy, he could but congratulate the Secretary of State on the new course which the Cabinet of Washington seemed inclined to follow.

"To this Mr. Seward replied that the idea of a peace with the South had always been the fundamental idea of his Government; that the only difficulty in the way was as to the proper manner to reach it; that the United States could not accept a humiliating peace, but that whenever a proposition to that effect, maintaining the dignity, interests, and honour of the nation, would be offered he would not hesitate in supporting it with all the influence and power he could command. To this the representative of France replied that he was exceedingly pleased to find his excellency thus disposed; but that in his estimation it was impossible to ascertain whether or not such a peace was attainable unless the Government should take the proper steps to approach the South and open negotiations on that subject. He further added that although the Government of the Emperor had not been fortunate in its efforts to open relations between the North and the South, it had never receded a step from its opinion in the matter, and that it was still of the opinion that this war could not end without trying at least the ways of diplomacy before plunging again into the uncertainty and perils of an endless war. To this Mr. Seward frankly admitted that his Government had been mistaken in the character and consequences of the war with the South; that he never imagined that the rebellion was endowed with so much resolution and vitality; and that he was ready to acknowledge himself in error on that subject. After a protracted conversation the Ambassador of France left Mr. Seward with a renewal of the offer to place the services of his Government at the disposal of Mr. Lincoln. He said, what he had always said in many instances, that the Emperor was ready to do all in his power to facilitate negotiations with the South, and that he would spare neither time, trouble, nor money, if necessary, to attain so desirable an end. To this Mr. Seward replied that he would see Mr. Lincoln, talk the matter over with him, and begged the representative of France to call again next week (this week) for an answer."

A public banquet was given at Boston to Captain Winslow and the officers of the Kearsage.

Advices from the army of the Potomac state that, on the evening of the 17th inst., the Confederates attacked the picket line in front of Bermuda Hundred, and succeeded in capturing four officers and about eighty men. The Federals were taken by surprise. On the following evening the Confederates again attacked at the same point, but were easily repulsed.

There are strong indications, it is said, that General Grant purposes making a grand attack on Richmond at an early day. The iron-clad fleet has been ordered up the James river to the Dutch Gap Canal, which is reported to be nearly completed, and all fortifications which have been granted to officers and men have been ordered to expire at once. It is believed also that Grant has been heavily reinforced from General Sheridan's army, and that as soon as the Dutch Gap Canal is completed, a grand combined land and naval attack will be made on the Confederate capital. The *Richmond Dispatch* of the 18th states that Grant has for some time been preparing for the attack, which will probably be made by the land forces on the north side of the James river, after sufficient reinforcements from Sheridan have been received.

Sherman's army, 47,000 strong, including 10,000 cavalry, has branched off in two columns, one for Augusta direct, and the other for Augusta via Macon and Milledgeville. The latter column, before proceeding to Augusta, will destroy Macon and the Western Railroad, the National Armory, and the Central Laboratory at Macon, and all property at Milledgeville. The same system of destruction will be pursued, including the State Capitol, in which the legislature of Georgia is now sitting.

The Richmond papers of the 22nd report Sherman to be within eighteen miles of Macon, marching on that city. Macon is stated to be garrisoned by militia, and not strongly fortified, but the journals published there say that the city will be defended to the last. Sherman has captured a portion of the Georgian legislature. His cavalry have occupied Milledgeville. Great excitement prevails among the population along the route. The flanks of Sherman's army extend many miles over the country foraging. He has ordered his troops to raise their provisions from the country through which they pass.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—The wife of a swimming master, at Peeth, having lately lost seven of her children, leaving her only her youngest, a few months old, and that one showing symptoms of the disease which had carried off the others, lost her reason. The poor woman in her frenzy broke every article of furniture, and when the neighbours alarmed at the noise, broke open the door they found her with the child dead in her arms. On her husband returning home, and finding what had taken place, he also became a lunatic. The woman has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

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General News.

THE Hon. William Dayton, United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, died in that city of apoplexy. Mr Dayton was born in New Jersey, in February 1807, graduated at Princeton College; was a lawyer by profession; a member of the State Senate of New Jersey in 1837; was appointed one of the Justices of the Superior Court of the State, February, 1838, and resigned said office in 1841; was a senator in Congress from 1842 to 1851. In March, 1857, was appointed Attorney-General of New Jersey. He was the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Fremont in 1856, and was appointed Minister to France, 18th March, 1861. Mr. Dayton leaves a widow and several children.

We have to record the death of Sergeant A. J. Stephen, who was for some years one of the commissioners in bankruptcy. The learned gentleman was well known for his "Commentaries," and other legal works. He was seventy-eight years of age.

The Mayor of Margate has just received a communication from Sir George Bowyer, Bart., M.P., intimating that he is desirous of presenting the corporation with a handsome old silver mace, as a token of his attachment to the town, and his gratitude for the kindness he has received at the hands of its inhabitants. The mace is of the reign of George II., and is a fine specimen of old plate.

LORD MAHON and Captain Hayter, of the Grenadier Guards, arrived in England by the *Perla*, from a tour through North America, and a visit to the headquarters of the armies operating in front of Richmond.

The Home Secretary has decided that the cabman Matthews is entitled to the whole of the reward of £300 for giving information which led to the conviction of Muller for the murder of Mr. Briggs. The sum has been ordered to be paid to him. In the meanwhile, unfortunately for him, he has been arrested for a debt of £30 by one of his numerous small creditors, whose aggregate claims amount to £560. Though the present claimant only demands £30, the others will, of course, lodge detainers against him, and a vesting order will be immediately obtained for the assignees to receive the whole of the money payable to him from the Government. He will thus not only enjoy no benefit whatever from what has been called the "blood money," but before he can regain his liberty he will have to go through the Court of Bankruptcy for the remaining £60. The place of Matthews's confinement is the debtors' prison for the county of Surrey (Horsefonger-lane Gaol). It is not true, as was currently reported for some time past, that Miss Eldred, who was examined at the trial with a view to establish the *alibi*, was Matthews's sister or sister-in-law, to whom Muller had formerly been engaged.

We have to record a discovery of great interest in connexion with England's greatest poet which has recently been made in this town. In the offices of Birmingham solicitors, whose names at present we are not at liberty to publish, some dozen important deeds, including conveyances, grants, leases, &c., have been discovered relating to property adjoining Shakespeare's house in Henley-street, on the east side. These deeds bear dates from 1573 to about 1690. John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, was present at the signature of several, and the name of William Shakespeare himself is repeated a few times in some of them. The deeds are in excellent preservation, and the seals are in an unusually perfect condition. We believe that the seal attached to some of these deeds is likely to lead to some very interesting discoveries, and to throw considerable light on our known Shakespearean relics. — *Birmingham Gazette*

The sculptured works connected with the Prince Consort Memorial in Hyde-park are very extensive. They will all be executed in Sicilian marble, the same as that of which the Marble Arch in Hyde-park is constructed, and which appears to stand externally in our climate better than any other description. Its colour is not pure white, but it is sufficiently so for external works. The larger works will be at the lower angles of the pyramid of steps, and the groups of figures will represent the four quarters of the world. Mr. M'Dowell has in hand the group of Europe; Mr. Foley has Asia; Africa has been confided to Mr. Theed, and America to Mr. John Bell. At each angle of the podium, and having a cluster of granite columns at the back, there is also a marble group, though somewhat smaller in dimensions. These groups are—Agriculture, which has been given to Mr. Calder Marshall; Manufactures, which Mr. Weeks has in hand; Commerce, which has been given to Mr. Thorncroft; and Engineering, which is from the design of Mr. Lawlor. On the upper portion of the shrine will be figures of the virtues, the arts, and sciences idealized, which are to be executed in Sicilian marble by Messrs. Philip and Armitstead.

A RECENT report of Captain Lord, of the sanitary police of New York, states that in that city, with not more than a million of people, upwards of 22,000 live in cellars—a subterranean population large enough for a small city in itself.

The fine old church of Sherburn Hospital, near Durham, was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The fire was discovered by Miss Carr, the daughter of the Rev. J. Carr, the master, about three o'clock, when she was disturbed by hearing a crackling noise, and on looking through the window of her chamber in the master's residence, she saw flames bursting through the roof of the church, which was close adjoining, and the whole edifice seemed to be in flames. She aroused her father, who sent messengers off to Durham for the fire engine, and the fire brigade was on the spot within an hour after the first alarm had been given; but, from the mastery the flames had attained, it was found impossible to save the church, which is now little better than a blackened ruin. The fire seems to have originated through the overheating of the flue attached to the warming apparatus, the brickwork of which appears to have become red-hot, and the fire had communicated with the wooden panelling of the wall in the north aisle immediately above. The church was most beautifully fitted up; the sittings were open, and of oak. The edifice was of pure Norman architecture, and was supposed to be coeval with the hospital, which was founded between the years 1181 and 1184. Five years ago the church was much damaged by fire, and was restored during the mastership of Archdeacon Preet. Most of the monuments of the old masters of the hospital are destroyed by this fire, and one of great beauty, to the memory of the late master, Dr. Faber, is burnt into small fragments. The tower, as well as the body of the church, is completely gutted. A new building for the inmates of the hospital has recently been erected at a cost of £14,000. Fortunately the wind blew the flames away from this building and the master's residence, and both are uninjured.

The following is a return of recent shooting in the preserves of a nobleman in Scotland:—Seven guns, in 13 days, killed 9 grouse, 792 pheasants, 1,012 partridges, 79 woodcocks, 25 snipes, 3,140 hares, and 1,836 rabbits—total, 6,823 head. At the average weights, this is 15 tons, or rather more than one ton per day, or 320lb. weight for each gun per day, or 23 stone; so that, taking the shooter to be 11 stone each, each man shot twice his own weight in game per day. — *Liverpool Advertiser*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo has just addressed a circular to his clergy, absolutely forbidding women to sing in churches.

We understand that it was owing to some misapprehension as to the day General de Lobben had not the honour of dining with her Majesty at Windsor. The Queen was pleased to command that the general should be invited to the royal table, and Baron Brunnow repaired to the Castle to present him; but the general did not make his appearance. Next day, however, he proceeded to Windsor, and had the honour of being presented to the Queen by the Russian minister. — *Army and Navy Gazette*

The Court.

The Queen, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, Windsor. The Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury officiated.

On Monday morning her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Helena, arrived in London from Windsor by special train on the Great Western Railway. The Queen and princess, who were attended by the Countess of Gainsborough, Lieutenant-General Hon. G. Grey, Major-General F. B. Seymour, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. O. Plat, immediately on arrival drove to the site of the National Memorial to the Prince Consort in Hyde-park. Her Majesty was met at the site by Mr. G. G. Scott, the architect, and by Mr. Kelk, the builder, by whom various explanations were given to the Queen respecting the progress already made and the plans to be carried out. On leaving the site her Majesty and the Princess Helena proceeded to the Horticultural Gardens adjacent; and after a brief inspection of the grounds, drove to Buckingham Palace, and returned to Paddington, whence her Majesty and the princess returned to Windsor at half-past two.

VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO THE CAVALRY BARRACKS, WINDSOR.

On Saturday morning her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Helena and Prince Leopold, and attended by General Seymour and Colonel Ponsonby, visited the Cavalry Barracks. The royal party occupied two of the open pony phaetons. At eleven o'clock the regiment was drawn up in line in the barrack-square, when the Queen entered the barrack yard by the eastern gate, and was received with the usual ceremony of presenting arms, but without music. On arriving at the left flank of the regiment her Majesty drove slowly along the front of the line, and on reaching its centre stopped a few minutes and conversed with Colonel Marshall, who afterwards attended her Majesty along the line. She afterwards alighted from her carriage and proceeded to the A Barrack and was conducted by the commanding-officer to the boys' and girls' rooms, the library and reading-room, the soldiers' rooms and stables; thence she went to the riding-school, to witness a ride of the non-commissioned officers, which occupied about ten minutes. Her Majesty afterwards went to the officers' house, and inspected the officers' mess-room, also the ball-room in which the ball had taken place on the previous evening after the officers' amateur private theatrical performances. Before leaving, her Majesty expressed to Colonel Marshall her high approval of the interior arrangements, and especially alluded to the fine and soldier-like appearance of the men, and the beauty and healthfulness of the children. As a proof of the interest her Majesty takes in the comfort and welfare of her soldiers, she complained of the lowness of the ceilings of their rooms, and observed they were much too low for headlight ventilation, which is an undoubted fact, and ought to be speedily remedied. The last, and we believe the only occasion on which the Queen paid a visit to these barracks was in 1849, when she went to witness some athletic sports and feats of swordsmanship of the 1st Life Guards, in which her Majesty is known to take much interest.

Previous to the visit to the cavalry barracks, the royal party drove to the infantry barracks, Sheet-street, Windsor, in open phaetons, where they arrived at ten o'clock, and were received in the barrack square by Lieut.-Colonel Fielding and the whole of the regiment with presented arms. After inspecting the men, the Queen was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Fielding, Captain the Hon. W. G. Olive, and Quartermaster Hurle, over the officers' mess-room, the girls' and boys' schoolroom, the library, the sergeants' mess, the quartermaster's stores, the cook house, the orderly clerk's room, and the quarters of the quartermaster sergeants, also the kits and barrack rooms, with all of which, from their cleanliness and order, the Queen expressed her great satisfaction.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue to earth up cabbage and winter greens. Look to cauliflowers as advised last week; also lettuce. If carrots are sown early, make a sowing on a slight hot-bed. Should frosts set in, peas that have shown above ground should be lightly covered over with the soil, and over that a layer of sand, to protect them from slugs or the cold weather. Earth up celery. Collect horse droppings for spring mushroom beds. Keep up a succession of rhubarb and sea-kale by potting. Prepare to make asparagus beds.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Protect carnations, auriculas, &c., from severe weather. Cuttings of calcasolarias, that are rooted, may be potted off. Cut down fuchsias and mulch over with short litter; but if desirous of preserving large specimens, protect with stakes and matting, the interior filled with loose straw, and the remaining leaves on the fuchsias removed to prevent mouldiness. A little lime water round the roots of pansies will do good as a protection from slugs. Protect the tender varieties of roses if not already done. Attend to frames daily; give as much light and air as the weather will permit. Roll lawns and walks occasionally in dry weather, and keep all tidy.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Cherries, pears, plums, &c., if affected by a scale insect, should have a good washing of a mixture of soft-soap, tobacco, and lime-water. Continue root pruning. Finish nailing and topping wall trees. Protect fig trees by unailing five or six branches at a time, and tying the same in bundles with ropes of straw or bay. Prune orchard trees generally; remove old branches; cut clean, and give a coat of paint to the wounds to exclude wet.

LOSS OF THE SHIP CHIMERA.—ALL DROWNED EXCEPT ONE.

On Monday, the Board of Trade received from the receiver of wrecks the following deposition of John Smith, the only survivor of the ship *Chimera*, wrecked on the Horse Bank, at the entrance to the Ribble:—

He says the *Chimera* belonged to Liverpool, and was laden with palm oil and nuts. She left Sierra Leone on the 19th September with three passengers. Nothing particular occurred until the ship arrived in the English Channel, when the vessel had to contend with a heavy sea and bad weather, which caused her to roll and labour heavily, causing her to become very leaky, and, in pumping to keep her clear, the pumps became choked and filled with palm-nuts, and in this state the vessel was kept making the best way the crew were able for seven or eight days. On Friday, the 18th November, at four p.m., the tide at the time rising, the weather thick, and the wind in the westward blowing hard, the ship struck the ground, which proved to be the Horse Bank at the entrance of the Ribble, the sea making a breach over her, covering the decks. All on board ascended the fore rigging, when in about one hour afterwards the topmast broke off at the masthead, and all thereon were lost in the sea save dependent, who succeeded in regaining the wreck, where he remained during the night, the vessel during the time having become much broken up, the decks being nearly all gone, and bulkheads carried away. About seven o'clock was rescued by a fishing-boat from the coast, and landed safely. Thirteen lives were lost by the breaking up of the ship.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

We regret to announce the death of the Earl of Carlisle, who expired at his family seat of Castle Howard, near Malton, on Monday morning, in the sixty-second year of his age. He had long been in a declining state of health. It is now some months since he was compelled by his increasing debility to resign his office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and though his friends have from time to time been cheered with symptoms of improvement in his condition, we believe no one was deceived into the belief that the amelioration was more than temporary, or that the disease under which he laboured could have other than a mortal issue.

The deceased nobleman will be chiefly remembered in connexion with Ireland. There the greater portion of his public life was spent, and his official connexion with the country is co-existent with—we can hardly say it much influenced—the great social changes that have lately passed over that country, and made the Ireland of to-day so different from the Ireland of thirty years ago. His first essay in the public service was, however, in the diplomatic line. He was appointed an attaché to the embassy in Russia, where his high rank, his youth, and his engaging manners made him a great favourite in St. Petersburg society. He was afterwards returned to the House of Commons for the family seat of Morpeth; and one of his earliest speeches was in defence of the character of the Russian Emperor, who had been made the subject of severe attacks in consequence of the cruelties practised on the Poles after the suppression of the Polish rebellion in 1830. In 1855, under the first Administration of Lord Palmerston, the office of Lord Lieutenant was vacant. The Premier remembered the old days of O'Connell popularly in 1835-40, and no doubt congratulated himself on the clever stroke of policy he had effected in appointing the popular secretary of twenty years before to be the Lord Lieutenant now. And for a time undoubtedly this policy had its effect. The Earl of Carlisle was a popular Lord Lieutenant. But although he has occupied a prominent position in public life for the last thirty years he inclined rather to the ornamental than to the useful side of it. There were many fierce political contests waged in the period when he took a conspicuous part in public life; but he was never found in the forefront of the battle. At best, he was but a skirmisher. Much of this must be traced to his habits and the evenness of his temper. His own inclination would probably have led him away from the political arena altogether had not the obligations of party proved stronger than personal inclination. But the softness and amiability of his temper, though it could not keep him out of politics, preserved through them all that sweetness and courtesy of disposition that issued in his never making an enemy. Even the Irish, who had got somewhat wearied of him, grieved when, broken down or debilitated, he finally left their shores. His courtesy was overflowing. There was probably no man ever admitted to his presence who was not charmed with his gracious and kindly manner. And that grace was not the mere torpor that nourished over indifference; it sprang naturally from real and thorough kindness of heart.

Lord Carlisle meddled in literature. In addition to his lectures on America he published another on Pope. He also published the impressions of a tour he made in the East, under the title of a "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." In all of them the same features are conspicuous—a graceful and elaborately polished style flourishing over, but scarcely concealing, the poverty of his matter. His speeches were in the same strain—florid academical exertions, but having little poetical bearing on the matters in hand.

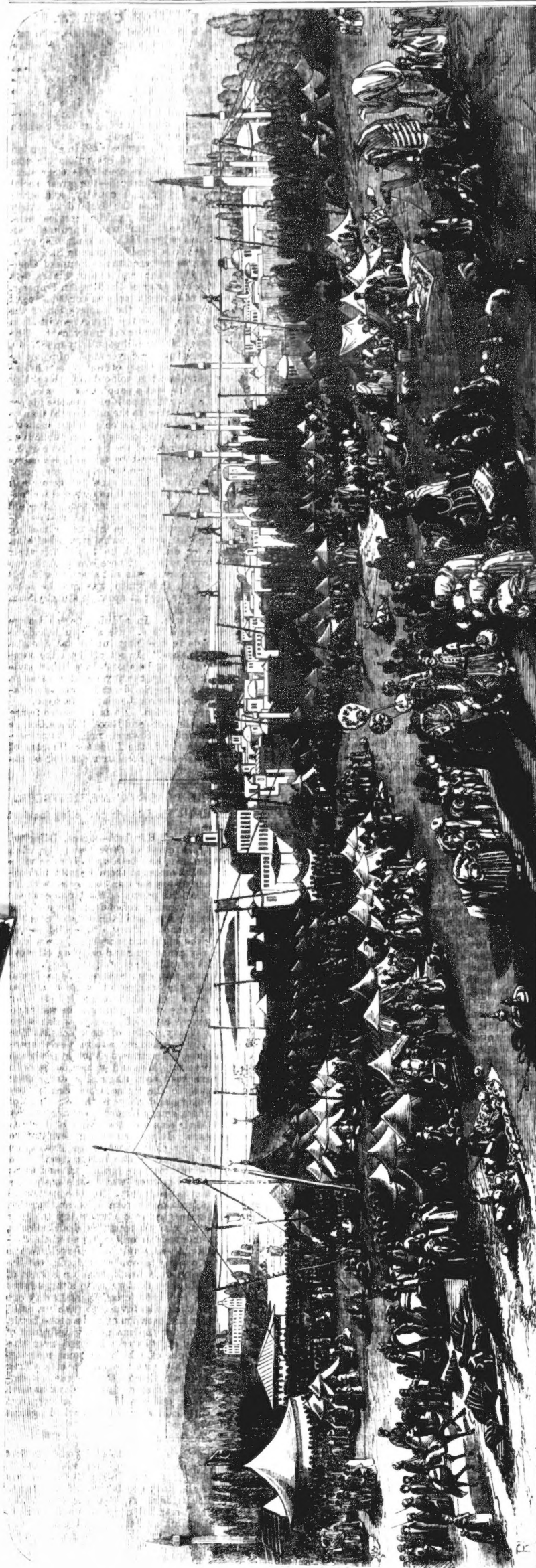
The Earl of Carlisle was never married. He succeeded in the title and estates by his brother, the Hon. and Rev. William George Howard, rector of Lonsborough. Several nobles families—among them the house of Sutherland, the Dowager Duchess of that family being his elder sister—are placed in mourning by his death.

BRUTAL SCENES AT THE PLACE OF A SHIPWRECK.

The *Aberdeen Free Press* publishes the following affecting incident of the wreck of the *Stanley*:—

"Mr. and Mrs. W. Anderson, of Elizabeth-terrace, Inlington, arrived at Shields on Sunday, in quest of their lost sister, Miss Harper. Their father, an aged man, had been up to London visiting his two daughters, and whilst amongst them he told his son-in-law that he had not been so happy for many a day as with his two ladies beside him once more. He persuaded his daughter to see him to Aberdeen, and she was returning to London, after performing this act of filial duty, when she was lost in the ill-fated *Stanley*. Her body has not yet been found. Many disgraceful scenes occurred on the beach during the night and morning of the wreck. Hundreds of wreckers were busy plundering and carrying off what was most portable. One most revolting act was witnessed. The body of a fine young woman was cast ashore, and a brutal ruffian was seen plundering the corpse of a few articles of jewellery which the poor girl had concealed in her bosom before she was washed off the wreck. Amongst the walls and strays drifted ashore were several casks of whisky, which were speedily pounced upon by the thirsty portion of the wreckers. The heads of the casks were promptly knocked off, and in a brief space of time these toppers, of both sexes, were strewn about on the beach in a disgraceful state of intoxication. Men and women laden with sacks and baskets might have been seen staggering under their burdens, and wending their way to the 'place from whence they came' in some of the sunless courts and alleys in the lower part of Shields; while hundreds of others, empty-handed, were incessantly pressing forward to secure their share of the spoils of the sea which thickly strewed the beach. It was something revolting to witness this insensate thirst after plunder while the lives of so many human beings hung, as it were, in the balance, and when the corpses of so many fellow-creatures were lying stiff and stark amid the dank tangle-covered rock, over which the sea a few hours before swept with such irresistible fury. In one part were piled fragments of wreck, splintered masts, torn sails, and tangled cordage, all jumbled together in chaotic confusion by the fury of the waves, interspersed with many carcasses of dead bullocks, sacks of flour and oatmeal, either sodden or burst, and their contents strewn along the sands. At an angle of the rock, in the midst of this confusion, was a noisy group worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus. The flickering of a fire lighted up a knot of semi-drunken unburied faces. In the midst was the altar, a large cask of rum, the head of which had been forced in, and every one who came within the charmed circle was invited to take 'a pull.' A glass had been improvised for the occasion out of a stone bottle, and many were reeling about under the maddening influence of the fiery liquor. A melancholy sight was witnessed near this group of noisy bacchanals, the sight of which for some moments checked this ill-timed mirth. This was the corpse of a young woman which had been found in a hollow of the rocks almost embedded in tangle. The dishevelled tresses fell in dank masses across her pallid marble-like face, and the blood was oozing from a wound in the temple, evidently caused by being dashed against the rocks by the fury of the sea.

A GRAVE QUESTION.—The Civil Tribunal of Lyons has just given judgment in a suit of a most extraordinary kind. A. M. B. commenced proceedings against his son's widow, who was recently re-married, to recover the body of his son, interred in the tomb of his wife's family. The tribunal rejected the demand, on the ground that the survivor of a married couple has a legal right to select a place of interment for his or her deceased consort, and that this right can only be set aside for serious reasons, which did not exist in the present case.



A ROYAL TRAGEDY AT CONSTANTINOPLE—PUBLIC REJOICINGS AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE LATE SULTAN'S DAUGHTERS.

to cut her head which off, was done at a stroke of his scimitar. Then, in her hellish fury, she determined to extend her revenge to her husband, and coolly directed that the girl's head should be placed under a cover on the pasha's dinner table. It is the custom in Turkey for the male heads of families to dine apart from their women. On the day in question the Sultana seated herself on the divan—a long sofa extending across the room—previous to her husband's entering the dining-room. On his arrival, as is customary, he went up to his imperial spouse, and rendered her the usual homage. She requested him to proceed with his dinner. When seated, he called on the servants present to remove the cover which is thrown over the tray which forms the top of the table; to his surprise, they hesitated, and shrunk back. The Sultana then called to him to remove it himself, upbraiding the servants for their conduct. The unhappy pasha, obeying his wife's directions, threw off the cover, and then before him lay the gory head of the murdered girl; he reeled and fell back a corpse. Previous to taking off the cover he had drunk some sherbet, and whether this was poisoned, as some imagine, or that the shock produced apoplexy, has not been ascertained, as no post-mortem examination has been held. It will, of course, be thought that the imperial murderers was at once seized and placed in the hands of justice. On the contrary, Djemiliah Sultana, princess of the imperial family, daughter of Sultan Abdul-Medjid, and niece of the reigning Sultan, has, up to the present moment, remained in her house unmolested, and the only notice taken of the matter has been that her imperial uncle is very angry with her! I offer no comment upon this, but leave you to remark upon the strange state of things existing in Turkey, where a murder—or double murder—may be committed by a princess, assisted by her slaves, without any further notice being taken of it than the expression of the Sultan's anger. I will only add that the feeling that must prevail amongst all enlightened people will be that the country has not yet made those advances in civilization we have been asked so often to believe she has.

THE YELVERTON CASE.

On this case being called on in the Edinburgh Court of Session, on Saturday, Mr. Gordon, for Major Yelverton, proposed that the judgment of the House of Lords be applied.

Mr. Campbell Smith, for the pursuer (Mrs. Yelverton, *alias* Long-

worth), acknowledged that the motion he now made was quite unprecedented. It had never been granted in any previous case, but on the other hand it was to lodge a consequence of fact which had come to her knowledge since the final judgment. The substance of it was that Major Yelverton, on a visit to his brother Frederick, when on his death-bed, admitted that he had married the pursuer in Scotland. They should prove that Major Yelverton visited his brother during his last illness, and then the dying brother complained to him of the double marriage, and stated that it was a misfortune, and asked him how, after reading the marriage service with Miss Longworth in Scotland, and after being married to her in Ireland, he could have married another woman, Mrs. Forbes. Major Yelverton replied that it was a sad thing to have done so, but that it could not be helped now, and that at the time he married Miss Longworth he had no intention of marrying Mrs. Forbes or anybody but Miss Longworth. (A laugh.) That was the substance of the conversation which they undertook to prove. It had reached them in as trustworthy a way as it was possible to get such information. The nurse who had attended Frederick Yelverton on his death-bed died in the Sick Children's Hospital in Dublin in 1862, but before her death she communicated to the chaplain of the hospital what she had heard take place between the two brothers. They heard nothing of this statement until the reversal of the decision of the Court of Session by the House of Lords, the clergyman believing that there was no need of any information being communicated on the subject. It was also shown by the evidence of at least one gentleman in the confidence of the deceased Frederick Yelverton that he believed his brother had married the pursuer in Scotland, and that he had founded his belief on what had passed between him and his brother, Major Yelverton, after the marriage with Mrs. Forbes, and when he tried to get the pursuer out of the country. The person to whom Frederick Yelverton made this statement in the end of 1858 was Mr. Biggs, of Bannagher, who was then factor on the estates of his father-in-law, Lord Avonmore. The statement by Frederick was that his brother had made a perfect fool of himself by marrying Mrs. Forbes (a laugh); and, further, that his belief of the marriage with Miss Longworth was induced by a conversation with Major Yelverton. We are also prepared to prove that Frederick Yelverton had made similar acknowledgments before his death to other persons, and that he founded his belief on what Major Yelverton himself had communicated to him.

The following is one of the affidavits referred to in the discussion:—

"I, Edward George Campbell, A.M. clerk, rector of Kilderry, in the diocese of Ossory, make oath and say—That in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and about the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two, I visited on several occasions a person called Sarah Mallins, who was a patient in the Meath Hospital, Dublin, and in which she died early in the month of January. I attended her as her clergyman, she being then in a dying state, and had several conversations with her, in the course of which she informed me that she had attended on the late Hon. Frederick Yelverton in his last illness, which terminated in death, in or about the month of February, eighteen hundred and sixty; that he expressed much uneasiness of conscience at the part he had taken with his brother, Major Yelverton, in relation to the marriage of the latter. She also stated that she heard the said Frederick Yelverton say to the said Major Yelverton, 'We are ruined by your marriage with Miss Forbes. How could you take her after reading the marriage service with Miss Longworth in Scotland, and afterwards being again married in Ireland?' That the said Major Yelverton replied, 'It is a sad thing to have acted so, but it can't be helped now. When I read that marriage service with her I had fully resolved to have her as my wife, and it was to satisfy her importunities I renewed it again in Ireland. I had no thought of deserting her then, or to marry Miss Forbes, or anybody. And I say that the said Sarah Mallins appeared to me to speak with candour, and I have remembered what she said distinctly, and have given the substance of it correctly and accurately.'

"Sworn before me, at No. 20, St. Andrew-street, in the City of Dublin, November 9, 1864.

"DAVID FITZGERALD,

A Commissioner in Ireland to administer oaths for the Court of Chancery in England.

"Edw. Geo. Campbell,

Rector of Kilderry, Diocese of Ossory."

The court took time to consider its decision.

THE enormous number of 291,697,240 eggs have been imported into this country in the first ten months of the present year—not very far from a million a day.

LE MONT DE PIETE.

READER, have you ever seen a shop, above which are suspended three gold balls? If you have, you may further be aware that in that shop articles are taken in pledge for money advanced on them. A pawn-shop in France is a Mont de Piete. The artist, M. Berthored, has painted a picture which speaks for itself. The characters tell their own sad tale. They are hard-up, and in want of cash.

the revolutionary war, and fought throughout that struggle as a private, having steadily refused promotion. Mr. and Mrs. Fite emigrated to Tennessee from North Carolina, and settled here when this place was known as Nash's Lick. In those days Mrs. Fite often assisted in moulding bullets, while her husband and others belonging to the "settlement" were defending themselves against the attacks of the Indians. Mrs. Fite has lived with her third son, Jacob Fite, in Wilson county for a number of years, her husband

one, and her grandson feels quite certain her living descendants now number over 500. Mrs. Fite was a remarkable woman, as were all those who actively participated in the struggles incident to the early settlement of this State. She retained a vivid recollection of the revolutionary struggles, as well as those which resulted in the establishment of the white settlements in Tennessee. Her memory was clear and her health good almost to the hour of her death. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that she lived until

LE MONT DE PIETE; OR, FRENCH PAWNBOYERS.



There is no doubt of that. When you want money it is no use attempting to conceal the fact. In the group before us some deserve to get it: it is to be hoped they will.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN—Mrs. Peggy Fite died a few days ago in Wilson county, Tennessee, aged 103 years. From Mr. Thomas D. Fite, one of her grandsons, we learn that she was born on the 12th of April, 1761, and was consequently 103 years old on the 12th of April last. Her husband, Leonard Fite, was a soldier in

having died many years since in Smith county. On the 12th of April, 1861, a large number of her descendants met at the house of Jacob Fite, and celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday. At that time she had eleven children living, her oldest, a son, being eighty years old, and her youngest, a daughter, fifty-nine; seventy-six grand-children, 305 great grand-children, seventy-nine great great grand-children, and two great great great grand-children; in all, 400 living descendants. At the time of her death her grand-children of the fifth generation had increased to twenty-

the "delicate machine" was entirely worn out, and "the wheels of weary life at last stood still."—*Nashville Dispatch*, Nov. 10.

RECRUITING TACTICS—A pretty young woman at Jackson, Michigan, has been carrying on the recruiting business in a novel manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty. She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he is gone, she marries another. Four men has she married and sent to the army. On the fourth occasion she was detected.—*New York Post*.

THE BRITISH DRAMA,

Comprising
THE WORKS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED DRAMATISTS.

On Wednesday, Nov. 16, was published, Price One Shilling, Volume 1, of the BRITISH DRAMA, containing the following popular plays:—
 THE GAMSTER.
 JANE SHORE.
 THE MAN OF THE WORLD.
 LOVE IN A VILLAGE.
 PIZARRA.
 SHE STOPS TO CONQUER.
 DOUGLAS.
 THE DEVIL TO PAY.
 THE ADORABLE CHILD.
 THE CASTLE SPECTRE.
 THE MAYOR OF GABRIEL.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED—PRICE ONE SHILLING.
 With which is Presented, GAETIA, Portraits of the celebrated Tragedians.
 MR. S. PHELPS and MR. C. KEAN.

Volume II will be ready for publication in a few days.
 * The BRITISH DRAMA is also published in Weekly Penny Numbers.
 London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

SHAKSPEARE, TWO SHILLINGS.

The complete works of Shakspeare, elegantly bound, containing thirty-seven illustrations and portraits of the author, now publishing.
 * Clergymen and schools liberally treated with large quantities.
 London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Now publishing, a magnificent engraving of
 Drawn by that celebrated artist, JOHN GILBERT.
 The picture measures 80 inches by 38, is carefully printed on plate paper expressly for framing, and may be considered one of the finest specimens of Wood-Engraving ever presented to the public.
 PRICE ONE PENNY.
 London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H.W.L.B.	
		A.M.	P.M.
10	Royal Academy founded, 1768	11 24	11 53
11	Third Sunday in Advent		0 23
12	Cromwell declared Protector, 1653	0 48	1 16
13	Steam-boats first used, 1817	1 40	2 4
14	Ember Week	2 26	2 47
15	Isaac Walton died, 1683	3 9	3 29
16	Cambridge Term ends	3 48	4 6

Moon's Changes.—Full moon, 13th, 7h 12m a.m.
 Sunday Lessons.
 MORNING. AFTERNOON.
 Isaiah 25; Acts 11. Isaiah 26; St James 4.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETNOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313, Strand.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

W. G.—You must wait until the will is proved and registered before you can see it. The executor may take nearly a twelvemonth's delay if they like. You must find out from them, or else from some of the other parties interested, where and when the will is proven.

H. C.—Consult some eminent surgeon-aunist, such as Mr. W. Harvey, No. 2, Soho-square.

B. H. B.—You cannot obtain such a situation for your son by means of a letter. Personal application must be made to Captain Shaw, Superintendent of the Fire Brigade, Watling-street, City.

ONE IN THOUSAND.—Send us your address and we will forward you through the post the name of a respectable London solicitor.

STUDENT.—The Royal College of Chemistry, in Hanover-square, was founded in 1845. The first stone of the laboratories was laid by the late Prince Albert. The fees are very moderate.

PREMIER.—The "Tempest" was played at Covent Garden under Mr. Bunn's management, with Mr. Vandenhoff as Prospero; Miss Vandenhoff as Miranda; Miss Poole as Ariel; and Messrs. Hailey and Bartley as Trinculo and Stephano, in March, 1838.

P. T.—Jarraway's Coffee House was established by Thomas Jarraway, a tobacco-merchant, who first sold and retailed tea in 1657.

H. M.—Mr. Charles Mathews played Merry Wives in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," when it was represented at Covent Garden in the autumn of 1840.

NABON.—Madras was colonised by the English, and Fort George built in 1620.

B. W.—"Othello" in 1856 was thus cast at Covent Garden:—Macready, Othello; Vandenhoff, Iago; Charles Kemble, Cassio; Miss Helen Faucit, Desdemona.

F. C.—An income-tax collector is only bound to demand the money once.

VICTIM.—Mr. W. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pye, when managers of the English Opera at Covent Garden, &c., were the first who presented free play programmes, and would not allow box-keepers or other servants in front of the house to demand or take fees. It is to be regretted that the same principle is not carried out in every theatre. It is a tax the public ought not to pay.

BOSS.—Angelo Maria Monticelli appeared first on the stage at Rome, 1781. He was so graceful and had such a perfectly beautiful face and figure, that he commenced his career by personating female characters, women not being permitted to go on the stage at Rome.

R. P.—Matthew Locke brought out "The Tempest" in 1673 at the theatre which had been opened in Lincoln's Inn fields two years before by the son and widow of Sir William D'Avenant.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

ALTHOUGH the re-election of Mr. Lincoln has neither been accompanied nor followed by any particularly brilliant operations of the Federal armies in the field, it is already manifest that the Government have no intention of abating the vigour with which the war has hitherto been carried on. In Virginia, it is true, the grand army of the North continues in a state of calm expectancy, and Grant, for the present, evinces no intention of again sacrificing a few thousands of his troops in an attempt to discover a weak point in his enemy's defences. But in the central States of the Confederacy a Federal general is about to undertake an enterprise which, for its vastness and the immensity of the attendant risk, will not only

be without a parallel in the history of the American war, but will be almost without precedent in the annals of military achievements. If the information which has reached us be correct, Sherman has divided his army into two columns, one of which he has despatched in an easterly direction to Augusta, a town on the Savannah River, nearly one hundred and fifty miles distant from Atlanta; whilst the other has been sent southwards to Macon, one of the principal arsenals of the Confederate Government, and about seventy miles from General Sherman's starting point. This town having fallen, and all the public property being destroyed, Milledgeville, the capital of the State, will, it is hoped, share the same fate, and the victorious general will then be at liberty to siege Augusta and the other important towns on the Savannah River. Georgia, being thus conquered, will then serve as a base of future operations in South Carolina. The programme is unquestionably magnificent, but the conception and the execution of a design stand on different footings. That Sherman intends, if possible, to seize Macon there can be no doubt for the outposts of his army have appeared within a few miles of that town; but there is equally little reason to doubt that the Confederates intend to defend it with obstinacy. Macon, like Atlanta, might of course fall; but even if it did, the execution of General Sherman's subsequent designs would not be the less impracticable. The question is simply one of distance from a base of operations and any one who glances at the map of the Southern States, and takes into account the feelings with which the invading armies are regarded by the population of those States, may form some idea of the dangers which would beset an army which should follow such a route as Sherman is said to have chalked out for his. Atlanta is only a short distance across the Georgian border, but nevertheless the communications of the army which captured it were constantly put in jeopardy, and the evacuation of the town and the retreat of the Federal troops were at one time deemed inevitable. But with every additional mile which the invader leaves in his rear these dangers become considerably increased. Under ordinary circumstances a general advancing into an enemy's country regards each province or town which he conquers as a new base of operations, or at least as another chain in the link of communications between his army and the source from which it derives its supplies. But General Sherman cannot with safety rely upon similar calculations. The army which his opponents employ may, if it pleases, traverse with impunity the country through which he has passed, and, even assuming it to be too weak to recapture the towns which he has seized and garrisoned, can with comparative impunity interrupt his supplies.

THE Victoria, being a wooden three-decker, carrying upwards of 100 guns, and requiring at least 1,000 men to fight them, has been sent to one of our chief naval stations, there to carry the flag of the admiral in command of the fleet. This proceeding Lord Clarence Paget now explains by telling us that the Victoria is wanted in the Mediterranean fleet, not for mere stateliness or dignity's sake, nor yet solely for the accommodation of the admiral's staff, but for the reception of "super-numeraries" for the service of the squadron. A large fleet requires constant reinforcements by fresh draughts of seamen, and those men are all sent in the first instance to the flagship, thence to be distributed among the other vessels of the squadron as occasion may require. It might happen that as many as two hundred sailors at a time would need lodging in this way, and what, asks Lord Clarence, would the country say if pestilence were bred among these men by their being cramped up on board a ship "only fit to go immediately into action"—that is to say, an ironclad? To this we reply that the argument raises a most important point; and that if our ironclads are only fit for the mere work of a battle, and are not habitable vessels, the sooner our naval architects are apprized of this defect the better; but this will not in the least degree help the Admiralty out of their difficulty. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that every squadron on active service requires a large floating barrack for the accommodation of draughts from home and the transaction of general business; we must then ask why this barrack, or clerks' office, or admiral's residence, or whatever it is to be considered, should be regarded also as a fighting ship, when, by the admission of the argument itself, she is nothing of the kind? Why should this floating hotel carry 100 guns and upwards of 1,000 men to work those guns, especially when such a crew would occupy and absorb the very space which is wanted for others? If the Victoria were nothing more than a little floating Admiralty we could understand the matter; but she pretends also to be a fighting ship, and that capacity carries an immense complement of fighting men and guns. Lord Clarence declares that these men were provided for her without difficulty; but he does not tell us from what ships they were taken, nor how the matter would have been managed had no vessels been put conveniently out of commission just at that time. There, however, is the fact that a ship which Lord Clarence Paget does not attempt to say is fit for action, and which Mr. Childers, a Lord of the Admiralty, thinks adapted for duty mainly because there is no expectation of war, is sent out with an array of men and guns suitable only to a fighting ship of the first class. Both Mr. Childers and Lord Clarence excuse this unlucky vessel as only designed for civil duties, forgetting that she is rated, manned, and armed as a first-rate man-of-war, and entails upon the country and the service a corresponding charge.

"A KIND OF LOVE AFFAIR."—At the Winchester Assizes, Edward John Clark was indicted for robbing Mary Dunkison of a watch on the 1st of November. The prosecutrix stated that she was a servant. She and the prisoner had kept company for three years. On the 1st of November he asked her to take a walk with him about two o'clock. They went through a field, and the prisoner snatched her watch from her and ran away. She followed him and asked for her watch. He declared he had not taken it. She put her arms round him and felt the watch in his greatcoat pocket, and she took it out and put it in her bosom. He threw her down and sat upon her face and took the watch out of her bosom. She cried out, and he took her by the throat and said he would cut her throat. He then ran away with the watch. The jury, after some hesitation, returned a verdict of "Guilty," but recommended the prisoner to mercy. The judge: On what ground, gentlemen?—A juror: My lord, we think it was a kind of love affair. Sentence postponed.

GALLANT RESCUE FROM A BURNING HOUSE.

ON Tuesday morning a police-constable on duty in Mark-lane found one of the large establishments, let out in offices to several persons, on fire. It appears that the only persons who slept on the premises were the housekeeper, his wife, the maid servant, and some children, all of whom were fast asleep on the third floor, whilst dense masses of smoke could be seen issuing from the floor tenent. The officer at once sent off for the Royal Society's fire escapes and engines, he remaining to arouse the inmates. Conductors Miller and Preston quickly attended with the society's escapes, when they found the fire raging furiously on the second floor, and the occupants of the third floor afraid to venture down the stairs for fear of being burnt. Miller at once rushed up the staircase, and brought down in safety Mr. and Mrs. Carrell, the children, except one child, and the servant. Upon reaching the street, in their night-dresses, they told the conductors in their excitement that every one had been safely rescued, but Conductor Miller, to make assurance doubly sure, again ascended the buildings, and upon entering the third-floor he found a boy about five years of age, astorically breathing, and no doubt if he had been left there a short time longer he must have been suffocated. The conductor, in descending the stairs with him, became overpowered with the heated smoke, and he fell with his living charge in his arms on the staircase. Conductor Preston at once rushed to their rescue, and both were saved by his instrumentality, but they were nearly stifled by the smoke. The engines of the London Brigade arrived with all possible expedition, and plenty of the New River Company's water having been procured, the firemen, under Captain Shaw, had the land steamers set to work and succeeded in confining the conflagration to the second and third floors, which were destroyed, but the books were safely deposited in fireproof safes. The origin of the fire is unknown, but the property is understood to be insured.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT SUNNINGHILL PARK.

ON Monday, at noon, Frederick Croft, alias William Smith, the tramp suspected of the murder of Elizabeth Butler, at Mr. Crutchley's lodge, Sunninghill Park, was brought before Mr. C. Sawyer (chairman), J. Hervey, T. J. Hervey, C. J. Palmer, C. O. Ferrard, and J. J. Pocock, the sitting magistrates at the Maldenhead County Police-court, for the purpose of re-examination, having been remanded.

The first witness examined was Margaret Meyrick, who said she lived at 2, Cambridge-terrace, Windsor, and was a Scripture reader. On the evening of the 15th October she heard screams issuing from the arches of the Great Western Railway, and cries of "Murder!" The arches are about 200 yards distant from her windows. She opened her window, and not hearing any other cries, shut it again. That was between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. On Sunday morning, the 16th, about ten minutes past eleven, she was going to church, and heard a man and woman quarrelling under the same archways, but near the gas-house. When she went down the turning opposite the water and leading to the River Thames, she saw the man and woman again, and distinctly heard the woman call the man "a murderous villain," upon which the man advanced towards the woman, as if he were going to strike her, but stopped, and did not do so. The woman then said, "You know you are a murderer." The man turned the other way to say something to the witness, but she did not hear what he said. The woman said, in a crying tone, "You'll soon be somewhere where you won't be able to kill people." That was all witness heard, and she remained there as a protection to the woman. They were more than 100 yards distant when she first saw them, but they were nearer when she heard what was said. Witness on being asked if she could identify the prisoner, said she was in doubt. The man then appeared darker and dirtier than the prisoner.

Witness continued: She thought he had a pink striped, or plaid shirt on. She looked more at the woman than the man. She was a stout, full-faced woman, but witness was not near enough to notice any marks on the face. The woman was of medium height, but was not near enough for her to see if she was pretty marked. On Saturday morning she noticed a female with a pretty little dog—a little brown terrier. She thought it was the same woman with it whom she saw on the next day. To the best of her belief, the prisoner at the bar was the man she had seen with the woman referred to.

Prisoner, on being asked if he had any questions to ask the witness, replied in the negative.

Mr. Superintendent Iremonger was then examined, and said about eleven o'clock at night on the 15th October he received information of the murder of Elizabeth Butler at Winkfield, and immediately drove over and saw the body of deceased lying in the left-hand room at the lodge. He saw a large quantity of blood just inside the front door in the passage. There was also blood upon the panels and door-post of the ladder. He made an examination of the premises, but could not find that anything had been tampered with or the drawers and boxes disturbed. He then looked round the outside of the house, but could not find any footmarks nor any weapon with which the murder could have been committed. From further inquiries he apprehended the prisoner on the 26th of November, at Aylesbury, on his leaving the gaol. Witness said to him on that occasion, "I apprehend you upon the charge of murdering Elizabeth Butler, in the parish of Winkfield, on the 15th October." He said also, "It is my duty to caution you as to what you say, for whatever you do say I shall give in evidence before the magistrate." Prisoner replied, "I am innocent. I never was at Winkfield, and don't know where Winkfield is." Witness took from the prisoner the old soap he was wearing, having previously made an examination. (The soap was produced in court.) On the front of the soap there was a spot which, to the best of witness's belief, was a spot of blood.

Prisoner on being asked by the chairman if he had any questions to ask the last witness, replied, "No, sir, I've got nothing to say."

Dr. Hewitt, who was in court, examined the mark on the soap, and at first said that it looked like a spot of grease, but afterwards, when placed in the witness-box, thought it was a mud spot. He stated that he had made a post mortem examination of the murdered woman, and came to the conclusion that death had been caused by the blows inflicted upon her head. The murder had not been committed more than half an hour before it was discovered. A short stout stick would have caused the injury.

This was the whole of the evidence produced on the present occasion, at the close of which the magistrates retired to their private room for consultation, and, on their return to the court, remanded the prisoner.

Croft, who on his appearance in court seemed slightly flushed, and was somewhat moved as Mrs. Meyrick, the scripture-reader, gave her evidence, was then removed by Mr. Superintendent Iremonger to the police-cell.

FORGETFUL THIEVES.—A few evenings since some police agents at Paris saw two men walking along the streets dressed in new and very handsome great coats, and on coming close to them saw that the shop tickets were still attached to the coats, and the thieves were arrested. The men, after stealing the garments, had gone into a wine shop, where they had put them on, but in their haste had forgotten to remove the labels.

THE Colonels of the 58th Regiment has been given to Major-General C. C. Hay, the Inspector-General of Musketry.

A WELSH MURDER.

THE last scene of a remarkable Welsh tragedy has just been enacted by the confession of a murderer on his death-bed. About two years ago there lived near Ystradgynafon, in the Rhondda Valley, Glamorganshire, a girl named Jane Lewis. She was servant to a farmer and his wife, and she was also their niece. She was courted by one Thomas Williams, employed on the farm, and she was also courted by a collier, employed at a pit some little distance from the girl's home. Her uncle and aunt favoured the latter rather than Thomas Williams, and the men grew jealous. Each of them found the girl in the company of the other at times, and once Williams came upon the collier and the girl sitting in a cowhouse when it was quite dark. He came up against them and laughed as he touched them, but he showed no anger then; nor did he either at any time so far as the evidence showed. But one Sunday evening, after chapel time, the collier tapped at the cottage window, as was his wont, to call his sweetheart out. Instead of her came her uncle, and he told the collier that the girl had not then come home, and he had thought she was with him. The collier thought she must have gone with some other, and went away in a huff. But the girl never returned. In the night a search was made, and in a footpath to the chapel from her home Jane Lewis was found lying on the grass dead. Particular evidence has been recorded of the precise position of the body and the things scattered around it. The girl's throat had been cut in three places, two at least of the frightful gashes must have been sufficient to cause death; blood lay all around, staining the grass and clay; the body lay partly on its side, with the hands and arms thrown away from the path, and behind it lay a razor, open and bloody. Her bonnet had been torn from her head and thrown from her; her clothes were disordered, and marks of a struggle having taken place were clearly apparent. She was pregnant, by whom it was never known. The coroner's inquest was long, and the evidence very complete. The medical men pointed out how the deed must have been done by some second person. Had Jane Lewis cut her throat herself the gash was so deep that she would have died instantly, and the razor must have fallen as her hands fell, and been found lying with them. Moreover, though one of the gashes was comparatively superficial, either of the others would have caused instant death. Had she made either the one or the other she would have had no power to make a second. The bloody razor found lying by her side was Thomas Williams's. He admitted that it belonged to him. He had a wound upon his cheek. He said the collier had that morning butted at him and struck him in the face, and made it bleed. The blood upon his clothes, he said, arose from the same cause. The collier was in the chapel that evening. Thomas Williams was there also, but he came in after the service had commenced. He said he saw Jane Lewis there, but no one else could say the same, though many thought she might have been there unknown to them. The collier waited for her at the chapel door, thinking he had missed seeing her inside, but finding she did not come he went by the road to her uncle's house, and tapped at the window for her, thinking she could not have left the house that evening. Much other evidence was given. The girl's friends spoke of her usual quiet manner, and especially of her composure on the Sunday evening she left her uncle's home for the chapel. Her sons had never given evidence of a wandering mind, and none knew of any cause she had to commit suicide. Her unchastity would have soon been covered by her marriage with the collier. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind. The coroner was astonished beyond measure. The question was repeated, and the same answer was returned. Accordingly, the coroner exercised his own discretion, and committed Thomas Williams for trial on the charge of having wilfully murdered Jane Lewis. The local magistrate did the same, and the case came before the grand jury at the Glamorganshire assizes. The learned judge, in charging the grand jury, commented at length upon the case, and hinted that under the extraordinary circumstances attending it it would be better to ignore the bill, as it would be next to impossible to find a jury who would convict as the case then stood. The grand jury accordingly ignored the bill in order that the man might be re-charged if further evidence could be obtained in the future. Thomas Williams was therefore set at liberty, and carried his secret with him until within a few hours of his death last week, when he confessed that it was he who murdered Jane Lewis in the Rhondda Valley.

DREADFUL MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

At Shirley Common, about two miles from Southampton, a young married couple, named Colburns, resided. The husband is a journeyman painter; he had been married about nine months, and he and his wife were living most happily. The wife, it appears, had lived as lady's maid at a Mrs. Onslow's, near Alresford, and her fellow-servant, the butler there, was a man named Broomfield. On Saturday Broomfield came to Shirley Common, and called on the Colburns, to see his former fellow-servant. He was invited to stay, but they could not give him sleeping accommodation, and he engaged a bed at a public-house a few doors off. At about nine o'clock on Saturday night Colburne went out to fetch the supper beer at the public-house, and left his wife preparing the supper and Broomfield with her. When he returned he found to his horror that his wife had been shot by Broomfield, and that the latter had attempted to commit suicide. A woman, it appears, who lived next door to Colburns, heard the report of firearms, and had entered the house and taken the pistol from Broomfield's hand after he had shot himself and Mrs. Colburn. A number of persons soon entered the house with medical assistance, but the poor woman was quite dead, and the murderer was ordered to be conveyed to the Southampton Infirmary. He shot his victim and himself in the breast. He was asked why he committed the dreadful deed, and he stated that it was from love. No one, he said, knew what he had suffered during the last nine months.

The following are further particulars of this melancholy affair from the Hampshire paper of Monday:—The murderer Broomfield lingered until yesterday, when he expired in the South Hants Infirmary, at Southampton. It is stated that the murderer discharged two barrels of the revolver at his own breast, and that from the manner in which the weapon was held the ball must have glanced off from the bone without penetrating the body, while the second was more accurately aimed, and is supposed to have found a lodgment near the shoulder blade. All the other barrels of the revolver were loaded with ball, which tends to justify the conclusion that this shocking murder and attempted suicide were fully premeditated. Broomfield stated to the house surgeon at the infirmary that some years ago he was shot in the head by a gentleman with whom he then lived, and that he has since been subject to fits of mental derangement. It is also said that during the last two years he has continually suffered from aberration of intellect. The wife of the wretched man arrived at the infirmary on Sunday. The melancholy nature of this sad affair is increased by the fact that Mrs. Colburn, whose life has been so ruthlessly sacrificed, was six months advanced in pregnancy. Much sympathy has been expressed by the inhabitants of Shirley towards her afflicted husband, who is deservedly respected by his employer and friends. The murderer has stated that the deed was not premeditated, and that he intended to go to America to join the Federal army, and afterwards that of the Confederates, for which purpose it might be supposed he would arm himself with a revolver. Upon him was found a memorandum to the following effect:—"I got Mrs. Colburn to write this note, as I felt too ill to do so. G. D. B." and the address on the letter is "Miss Kiddler, 7, Bishop's-terrace, Newington-green, Islington. My dear wife is with her, if not dead." This would lead to the inference that the following letter was

written by the deceased at his request:—"My dear, dear Anne,—These are the last words you will ever hear from me. I feel I have broken your heart. I deserve to die, if I should reach America in the Confederate army, that is if I can reach the Confederates by first joining the Northerners, then desert for the Confederates, for I feel they are the people that deserve fighting for. Oh, my darling Anne, I shall not have your kind and affectionate eyes and hands to watch over me as you ever have done, particularly the last nine months, night and day. Had I never gone to Alresford, my happy home never would have been broken up. With my kind affectionate love to all, particularly to those who have been kind and affectionate to me under my heavy afflictions, I left all my affairs in the hands of Mr. Brown and Mr. Cooper. You will find my will and papers, and about £50 or £60, in the cash box. I hope all will be carried out as I have left it to be. I hope the doctor, Mr. Tweed, will go to you, as I ordered him, immediately. Dear Sarah, render all the assistance you can to my dear wife; tell her not to fret about me, I am not worthy of her doing so. Good bye." To this letter is added the following, apparently in Broomfield's own writing:—"My dear Anne,—I felt, when I left, you are dying, and I felt it all through my affection not being what it ought to be towards you.—G. D. B. I have my watch with me, and about £1,000 in money. I name this, as there might be some unpleasantness, and the watch I have named in my will." Another letter addressed to the husband of the deceased was also found upon him, which was as follows:—"My dear Mr. Coburn,—You must bear up under this heavy trial same as one that I have left. She is dying through the heavy trial I have brought upon her. I have always thought since I have been so ill I cannot rest night or day. . . . I feel we shall both meet again in heaven, were I trust we shall both meet you, and my poor dear and affectionate dying wife. Yours will not be half the trial as the one I have left as gone through and is now going through. I hope you will get some one to telegraph to say I am dead. I wish you to do so, or some one, to Mr. Brown, 47, Great Marlborough-street, Portland-place. Good-bye and God bless you and support us all under this heavy trial. G. D. B. I hope you will forgive me, and let us both lay together, till that we shall be called forth to meet Christ. Then all sorrow and trouble will be at an end. I have changed my mind in going away since dear Carry wrote the note, as I feel she must die with me." The tragic occurrence created a profound sensation in the town of Southampton and the neighbourhood, but more especially in the populous suburb of Shirley.

THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE MYSTERY.

SEVEN years have elapsed since a startling announcement was made that a horrible murder had been committed in London, and that an attempt had been made to conceal it under circumstances of an unusual character. It was said that some boys who were out in a boat on the Thames had found on one of the abutments on the western side of Waterloo-bridge a bag which contained the bones of a human body, with a suit of clothes, which, when examined, led to the conclusion that a man, moving in a respectable sphere of life, had been barbarously murdered, his body roughly hewn to pieces by unprofessional hands, and the bag containing the bones laid down over the parapet of the bridge with the intention that they should sink in the river and be no more heard of. The bag, instead of going into the water, rested upon the abutment, and was so found by the boys, who handed it over to the police. Various rumours were in circulation at the time in reference to persons who had been seen on the bridge, and who were suspected of having dropped the bag, but nothing conclusive was ascertained and the matter at length subsided, although the most diligent inquiries had been made by the police. Last August the subject was revived by a letter which was published in some of the papers from Mr. Irwin, of Dublin, who gave the initial letters of the names of four persons who, as he imagined, were implicated in the murder, three of them being suspected of making away with the fourth, who had mysteriously disappeared under circumstances which he very fully and somewhat plausibly detailed. Application was made to the authorities at Scotland-yard that a bag in which the bones had been deposited and the clothing might be sent to Victoria (Australia), in order that the wife of the missing man might see them, with a view, if possible, to their identification as the property of her husband. That request, however, could not be complied with, in the face of stringent police regulations. It was also considered that the description would be sufficient to serve first purposes, and that, if the articles were identified, the detective officers might be instructed to bring over any persons whose evidence they might suppose would tend to further more detailed inquiries. To make the matter perfectly clear, it may be mentioned that Mr. Irwin, in his letter, expressed his conviction that the supposed victim was a man named K—, who had gone out from England to Australia some time prior to the occurrence, and had amassed a large sum of money. He left his wife and child in Australia, and came back to England, bringing with him securities of the value of £1,400, for which he received the money. At that time he was living in the house of one W—, in a street leading out of the Strand, not far from Waterloo-bridge. R— remained there a short time, and all at once he disappeared, and this was about the date of the finding of the bag of bones and clothes. Mr. Irwin's letter also referred to parties with the initials S and N, as having had something to do with the monetary transactions of K—. The circumstantial character of Mr. Irwin's allegations necessitated in the minds of the authorities at Scotland-yard further and minute inquiries in the direction pointed out, and the matter was entrusted for investigation to one of the most experienced officers in the detective force. The officer ascertained in the first place that just antecedent to the time of the discovery a man named Woolfe lived at 15, Arundel-street, Strand, which was then a private hotel, and about that time a person of the name of Ratcliffe came there to see him. Ratcliffe remained at the hotel as a resident for a few days, and while there Woolfe took the house No. 30 in the same street. During this period of their acquaintanceship Ratcliffe told Woolfe that he had some Tasmanian debenture bonds, upon which he was to receive the interest in the City, and that he wished to turn the bonds into money. It appears that Woolfe himself did not want to buy them, but he introduced Ratcliffe to a man of the name of Smetton, who was understood to be a dealer in securities and bills, but he did not require them; and he in his turn introduced Ratcliffe to Nathan, who purchased the bonds, paying the amount in Bank of England notes to Ratcliffe, who almost immediately afterwards departed, no one knowing what had become of him. Three months later, however, as the detective officer since ascertained, Ratcliffe opened an account with the Commercial Banking Company, at Liverpool, and deposited a considerable sum of money, doubtless the produce of the sale of the bonds, and after a short interval he withdrew his balance, for the purpose, as he stated, of going to America. From that day to the present nothing further is known of him. The identity of the man Ratcliffe, who lived with Woolfe in Arundel-street, and who was imagined by Mr. Irwin to be the victim of the Waterloo-bridge tragedy, with the man Ratcliffe, who, three months afterwards, was at Liverpool, was proved by a comparison of the signature of the Tasmanian bonds with that on the books of the Commercial Banking Company. It has also been ascertained that Woolfe, having left England for Australia, died in that colony about three years since. The result of this investigation entirely puts an end to the grave suspicions which Mr. Irwin's letter not unreasonably raised, and leaves still undiscovered the perpetrator of a crime which at the time created a profound sensation on the public mind.

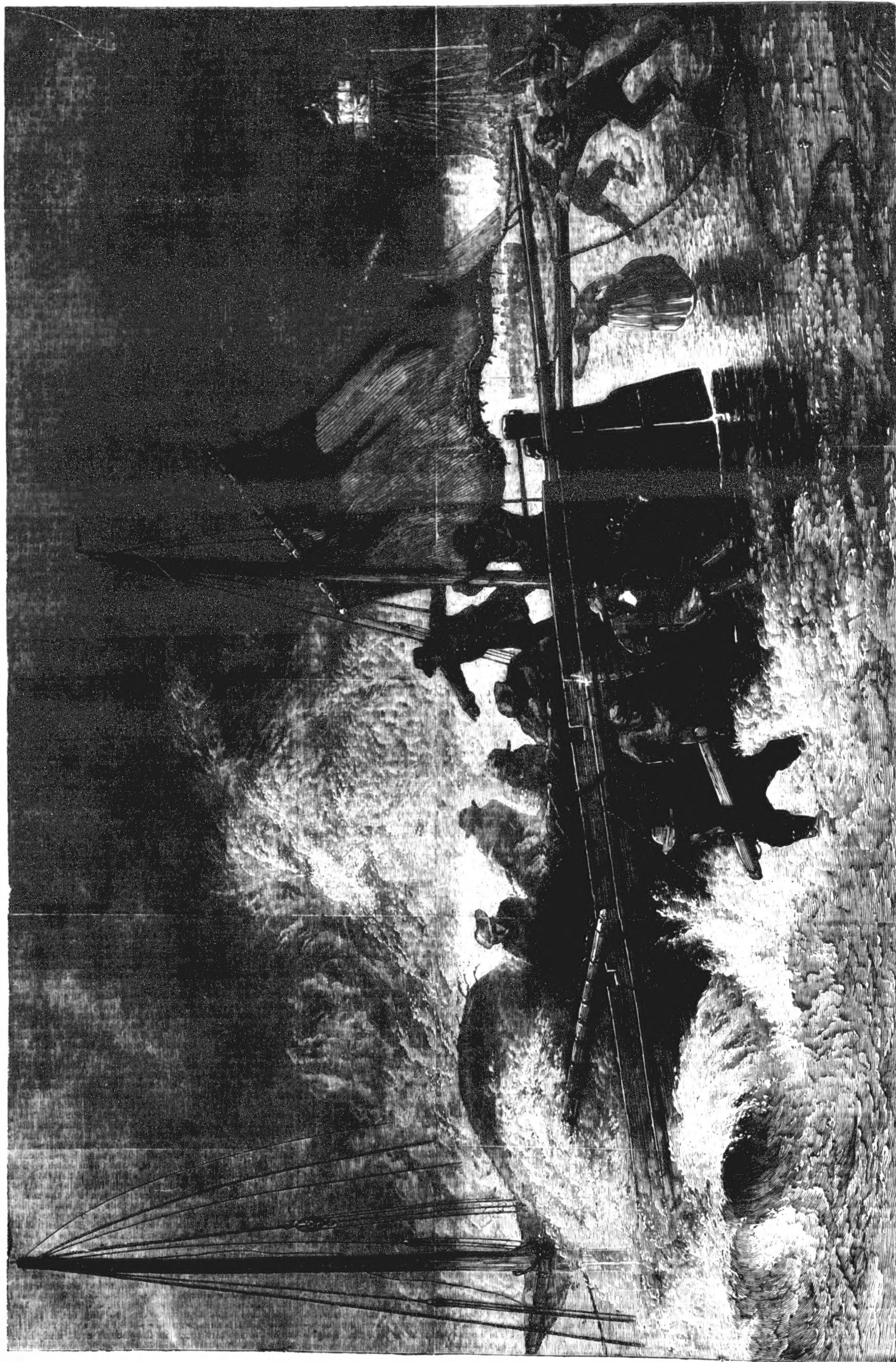
GREAT ROBBERY AT A BULLION DEALER'S IN LOMBARD-STREET.

REPORTED LOSS OF £25,000.

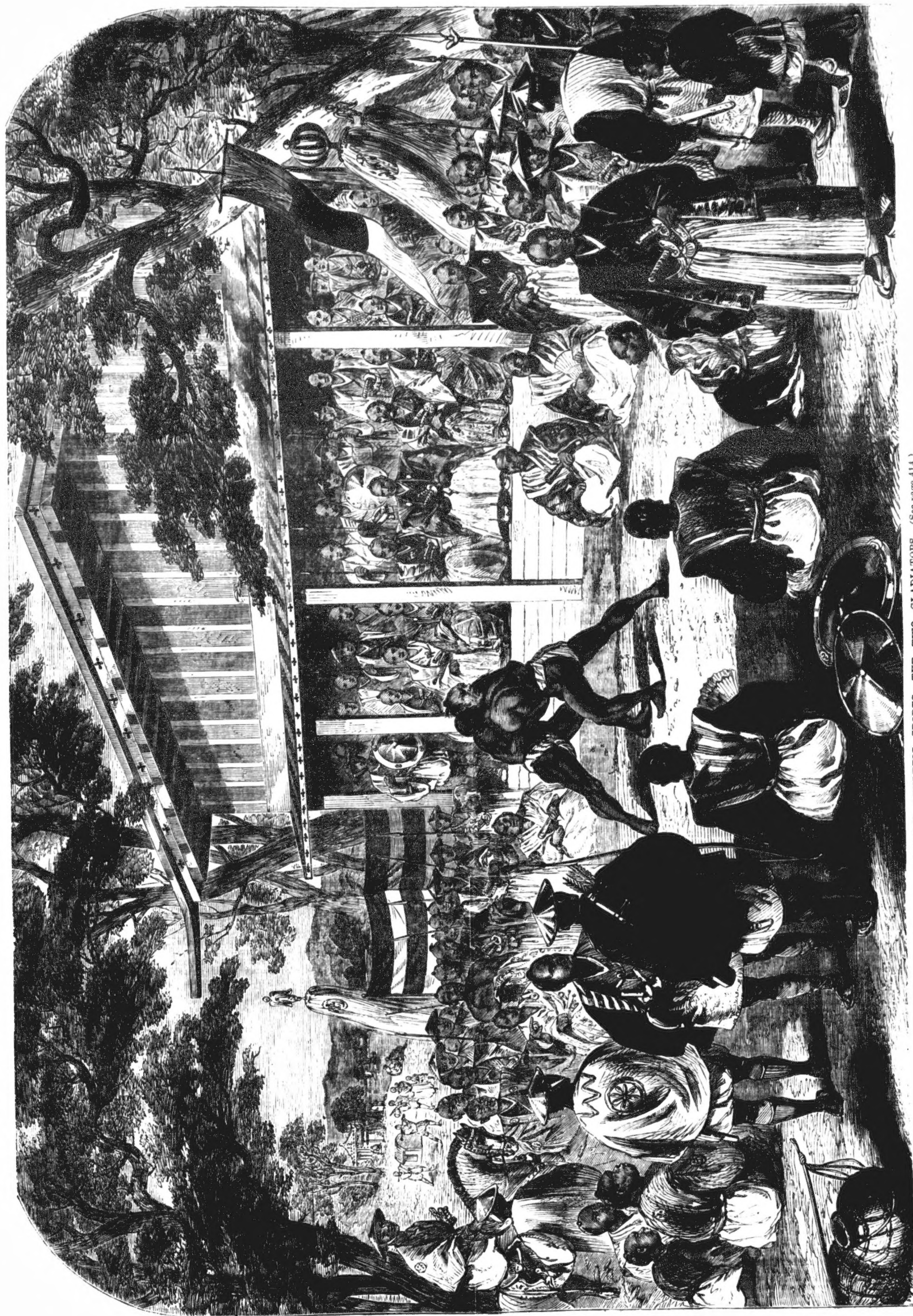
A ROBBERY of a vast amount of bullion, notes, and other valuable property, was discovered on Monday morning to have been committed at the offices of Messrs. Baum and Son, bullion dealers and money changers, situate at 58, Lombard-street, adjoining the church of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, on the north side of the thoroughfare. The circumstances connected with the affair are altogether of a most extraordinary character, and as the facts became known the event created the greatest interest and excitement among the numerous banking and other establishments in the City.

Mr. Baum, sen., has been in business in the City for nearly forty years. His eldest son is in partnership with him, and he has two other sons engaged in the office, which with a clerk, and a porter, a lad, comprised the whole staff of the firm. Mr. Baum occupied the shop and cellar of the above-named house, the upper portion of the premises being let as offices to various firms of great respectability, and at night the place is left in charge of the housekeeper, her husband, and daughter, persons of good character. The practice usually pursued at the establishment of Mr. Baum at the close of the business of the day was to deposit the bullion, notes, and other valuable securities in a large iron safe in what was called the strong-room, built in the cellar. It has an arched roof, and the walls are of brickwork. It appears there is only one set of keys connected with the strong-room, and, according to the inquiries which have been instituted, it seems that Mr. Baum, sen., left Lombard-street early on Saturday afternoon, leaving his son the partner and another son in the office to attend to the usual arrangements on the close of the day. The last to leave was Mr. Adolphus Baum, the eldest son, who, after looking up the place, appeared, at a subsequent period, to have handed the keys of the strong-room to his brother, in order to give them to his father, which he did on the Sunday at his residence at Camberwell when he went to dine with him; and it may here be noticed that Mr. Baum had a dog, which was left to range about the office in Lombard-street at night and on Sunday, and the police describe the animal to have been most vigilant in his watch on the premises, for on the door being touched at any hour of the night the dog would be immediately on the alert, and set up a most angry barking.

About half-past eight o'clock on Monday morning, Mr. Baum, sen., came to business as usual. The office was entered by a door in the passage leading to the up-stairs office, adjoining the church. The door was secured by two cross bars and a patent padlock, which appeared to be perfect and safe. The office was opened, and Mr. Baum then proceeded with his porter, the lad, down into the cellar to unlock the strong-room, the staircase to the cellar being only accessible from the shop. On attempting to open the door he found some impediment in the upper lock which forced the bolt, and at the same moment he also perceived that the lower keyhole had been subjected to some violence, and a small bar which covered the main lock had been torn off. The door, notwithstanding these marks of violence, appeared secure and fast, but as was subsequently ascertained, it was really unlocked, although closed. The porter, who was holding a candle to assist his master in opening the door, here called out that a lot of the brickwork of the side wall of the strong room which divided it from a coal cellar was lying on the ground, and on Mr. Baum going forward he discovered that a hole had been broken through the wall, nine or ten inches in thickness, into the strong-room, and large enough to admit a full-grown person to crawl through. It immediately occurred to him that some burglar had broken into the place, and he told the lad to get into the room through the hole and see what had occurred. He did so, and found the large iron safe open, and the whole of the valuable contents, variously estimated at from £23,000 to £25,000, gone. The discovery of the robbery, as may be readily imagined, created considerable excitement amongst the numerous banking houses in Lombard-street and neighbourhood, and on the arrival of the City detectives the matter was at once taken in hand and thoroughly investigated. That the firm had lost the whole of the treasure was a fact beyond doubt; but the way in which the robbery was carried out convinced the police that the guilty party or parties had acquired a knowledge of the internal arrangements, and that the place had not been violently entered by burglars from without. Among other things it was suggested that the thieves might have concealed themselves in the office when it was closed; but on a locksmith examining the interior of the patent lock of the side door, it is stated that sufficient was seen to show that it had been recently taken to pieces—whether for the purpose of enabling a key to be made to open it, or some other object, remains to be learned. The next matter which excited the closest scrutiny was the manner in which the strong-room had been entered, and the iron safe opened. The safe is a very large one, between three and four feet square. The exterior bore no trace of violence having been used in opening it. Three or four new crow-bars or "jimmies," it should be mentioned, were found in the safe-room, and the edges showed that they had been used in breaking through the wall, but there were no corresponding marks on the safe to show that they had been used in forcing it, and the only disfigurement was the displacement of some ornamental bedwork round the edge. The locksmiths, who were called in by the police to assist in the examination, expressed an opinion that the safe had been opened by a key, but the interior or inside lining of the door containing a portion of the lock had been taken bodily out, indeed, unscrewed from the outer frame and thrown down on the floor, when, it is suggested, that an iron bar or some weapon had been put in the side of the lock, which was thus torn open, for what purpose it is difficult to tell. The next thing that excited some attention was that the iron door leading to the strong-room was actually unlocked; and why an entrance should have been made through the brickwork, and added to the noise and their trouble, when the thieves had evidently the means of opening the strong-door, is also a matter that has created much surprise. In a corner of the strong-room are a pile of bullion-boxes, all bearing marks and addresses to merchants abroad. The boxes are all empty, and a significant fact in connection with them is, that they have not been disturbed. The police continued the examination as to the way the place was left. The business portion of the shop is entered from Lombard-street by two folding doors, secured by bolts, cross bars, and over them a longitudinal bar secured by padlock. This padlock was found to be missing altogether. The bolts of the half door which opened were drawn, and the door temporarily secured by a new catch lock, so that a person leaving and pulling the door after him, the lock would catch, and the door be apparently secure to the next policeman who came round and tried the place, as it was customary for the officer on the beat to do every hour or so. The police have taken this lock off, and it is in their possession. Mention has already been made of the dog which was left in the office of the firm at night. The housekeeper and those who passed up and down the passage in the course of Saturday night and Sunday, remark that they did not remember hearing the dog bark, as was his practice, during that time, and when the place was opened on Monday morning it was found that the animal had apparently been tied up somewhere with a leather strap, while over its mouth was found the remains of some sticky composition, as if something had been placed over it to stifle the noise of its barking, but, if that had been the object, it is strange that the animal was not at once destroyed, as by the crowbars found in the place it could easily have been dispatched.



THE RECENT GALES.—LAUNCH OF A YAWL AT YARMOUTH TO THE RESCUE OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW. (See page 410.)



JAPANESE ATHLETIC SPORTS.—THE TWO GLADIATORS. (See page 414.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Monday evening last, a young lady, Miss Susan Galton—niece, we believe, to Miss Louisa Pyne—made a very promising debut as *Amina* in "Le Nonnambula." Her voice is manifestly undeveloped and she has still much to learn, but despite these drawbacks, there was very much of promise in her performance. Her voice is remarkably sympathetic; her singing, whenever her executive powers are not overtaxed, is distinguished by very fine taste; and, although she is evidently unused to the stage, her lively and animated gestures denote that she has histrionic as well as musical capability. No sooner was Miss Galton's exceptionally petite figure caught sight of in the opening scene, than she was welcomed by a body of warm admirers, whose plaudits encouraged her in each successive act to increased exertion, and who continually showered bouquets and wreaths on the stage; the gallant Elvino finally himself encircling her fair young forehead with one of these tributary coronets. Her most commendable effort was in the sleep-walking scene of the last act, which was equally marked by good taste and genuine feeling. Miss Galton's debut was so favourable, that we do not hesitate to recommend her not to be tempted by her success to overtax her strength. Mr. Swift, as Elvino, repeated the popular air, "Still so gently o'er me stealing." Mr. Penna essayed the not too difficult impersonation of the Count; Miss Hiles was a quiet Lisa, and Madame Barrington a bustling Theresa. The really fine orchestra, conducted by Signor Ardit, was irreproachable throughout. "Faust" has been performed two nights during the week, and will be repeated again this evening.

JOYNT GARDEN.—The Royal English Opera Company produced, on Saturday, a new one-act opera, called "The Bride of Song," composed by Mr. Benedict, which achieved a decided success. The story is that of a young romantic girl who is passionately fond of music, and falls in love with an officer merely because she thinks him a great composer, the great composer all the while being in reality her own cousin, who is compelled to hide his great gifts to keep in his possession the property given him by his uncle under certain strange conditions. Directly the young girl learns that it is Cousin Aldebert, not Captain Hannibal, who is the celebrated composer, she transfers her affections to him, the difficulty being the less as her heart has a preference for her cousin. The personages—four in number—were sustained by Miss Thirlwall, Madame Fanny Huddart, Mr. Henry Halsey, and Mr. Alberto Lawrence. The best pieces in the opera are a duet for soprano and tenor, and a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass. The artists all sang well; Miss Thirlwall more especially distinguished herself by the unaffected ease and sprightliness of her acting and the correctness of her singing. At the fall of the curtain there was great applause, and Mr. Benedict was called on and received with the heartiest acclamations. The directors are entitled to especial praise for the energy and spirit with which they exert themselves. A new opera, by Mr. G. A. Osborne, the well-known professor of the pianoforte, will shortly be put into rehearsal, and will be followed by another new work from the pen of Mr. Henry Leslie. The directors are also determined to try an opera by Mr. Frank Mort.

HAYMARKET.—A three-act play, called "Sunny Vale Farm," has been received with little favour at this establishment; but as it is taken from the same German play upon which the opera of "Helvetia" is founded, we need not again recapitulate the plot. It was understood to have been brought out on purpose for Miss Beatrice to be brought more prominently before the public; but she has really so little do, that the audience feels no little disappointment when the play is over.

LYCEUM.—On Monday evening, "Roy Rias" was represented for the first time at this theatre, and Mr. Fechter re-appeared in that character which some four years previously he had selected for his professional debut in this country, which immediately secured the favour of that London public of which the French actor in his very early days had a claim to be considered as a small component part. A numerous and fashionable assemblage indicated by so many signs of admiration the pleasure they derived from witnessing the resumption of the character, that the lessee will probably remodel an announcement which limits the performance of the play to merely twelve nights. Those who have not yet seen Mr. Fechter's Roy Rias have yet to become acquainted with a notable example of histrionic excellence, notwithstanding it is still marred by his Franco-English pronunciation. The drama has been placed on the stage with particular regard to the splendour and appropriateness of the scenic appliances; and, with Mr. Byrd as the malignant and revengeful Don Sallust, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as the royal lady who is the intended victim of his machinations, very tolerable representatives are found for the two personages shaping the fortunes of our hero. The latter character, however, we have seen performed far better. To sustain the lead at the Lyceum requires more talent we should imagine, than this lady possesses. We must not omit to mention Mrs. Winstanley, who was warmly greeted on her re-appearance.

ADELPHI.—A new drama, from the French, has been produced here, under the title of "The Workmen of Paris; or, the Drama of the Wine Shop." The piece is of unusual length, lasting over four hours, but the exciting tableaux—nine in number—the scenery, and the well constructed plot keep the audience pretty well riveted.

SURREY.—Another new drama, called "Vandarin, the Robber of France," has been produced here, and played in conjunction with "The Orange Girl," so that there is ample excitement nightly for the crowded audiences assembled.

CITY OF LONDON.—After a round of Shakespearian and other legitimate characters, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Holt have this week delighted an East-end audience in their favourite parts in "The Spirit Captain." Every night these admirable artists have appeared they have been loudly applauded. The afterpiece has been "Fanny Wyndham."

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—On Saturday evening the first of a series of concerts, established with the intention, it is said, of affording three hours' rational amusement for the outlay of 61, took place at St. Martin's Hall. The entertainment was of an exceedingly varied character, comprising comic, serious, vocal and instrumental music. Miss Bosina Collins, the well-known violinist, played with her usual ability some solos. The Danish vocalists and dancers who were so well received at Jullien's concerts, also appeared, and were much applauded. There is a choir of fifty voices, and a band of about thirty. The hall is tastefully decorated, the major part being left for those who chose to promenade, and the galleries to those who preferred a seat. Every effort seems to have been made to produce a much better class of entertainment than is usually offered at the price. There is no smoking allowed, and only such refreshments provided as can be obtained at theatres and similar places of amusement. The attendance on Saturday was exceedingly numerous, and augurs for this undertaking a very successful future.

EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR! FAMILY SAWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES. For every home, are the simplest, cheapest and best, doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 145, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacture, Ipswich. [Advertisement.]

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

[From a Correspondent.]

These public performers gave a private exhibition on Saturday evening. Mr. Edmund Yates having passed some severe strictures on a Dr. Nicholls, for having written a biography of the Davenport, was challenged to appoint a committee to examine into their alleged "manifestations" and the result was a gathering of from thirty to forty ladies and gentlemen, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Among those present were Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Mr. Greenwell, R.A., Dr. Henry Thompson, Captain Arthur Lewis (of the 88th Middlesex, Artists' Corp.) Mr. Draper Messrs. Pearson and Ormond Hill, Mr. Window, and Mr. J. O. Parkinson. Mr. Yates appointed Professor Anderson's treasurer and rope-trick performer, Mr. Sutton, and Mr. Bachoffner, of the Coliseum, to act as a tying sub-committee, and the ordinary cabinet tricks were then gone through. The only incidents worth recording at this stage are that one of the Davenport's completed of Mr. Sutton's trying as cruel, and had the knots slightly modified; that Mr. Bachoffner thought the cord tied by him had been loosened when the cabinet doors were opened after the instruments had been worked and thrown about, and that the final untying occupied fifteen minutes instead of the usual two or three. The whole of this portion of the entertainment was unsatisfactory enough. The performers refused to accede to a suggestion that fresh holes should be bored in the cabinet seat, but accepted, and were tied with, a new rope produced unexpectedly by Mr. Pearson Hill, and showed hands and made noises with their usual dexterity. But the difference between them and their various rivals, now exhibiting in different parts of the metropolis, was not sufficiently marked to be interesting. After an hour and a half had been spent in this fashion, and the patience of many present was nearly exhausted, it was announced that the proceedings were at an end, and that no dark scene, the very thing most of the spectators had come to see, would be attempted. The next "manifestation" was loud grumbling and intense dissatisfaction on the part of the audience, and these phenomena were very palpable and unmistakable. Mr. Sutton, who throughout the evening consistently endeavoured to obtrude himself and his opinions upon the attention of people who only wished him to tie knots, shouted out offers to bet hundreds of pounds, and eagerly proposed to be tied up. But he did his work efficiently notwithstanding, as was proved by the time we had to wait before the brothers showed themselves unbound. It was not until quite two-thirds of the company, including the obnoxious Sutton and Mr. Bachoffner, had left, that the managers relented and announced that Mr. W. Davenport and Mr. Fay had consented to give a dark scene after all. This portion of the show is so excessively clever and ingenious, that it may well be asked why the Brothers Davenport do not confine themselves to it, give up the cabinet tricks as unworthy of their talents, renounce all pretensions to the "spiritual," and dispense with the mock scientific jargon of their showman, Dr. Ferguson, whose "tall talk" as to the progress of chemistry, photography, and steam, furnishing reasons for doing conjuring tricks in the dark, is far more irritating than instructive. The trained skill which can make guitars float in the air, twanging the while, can smartly pat heads and pinch legs, can enable its possessors to be securely tied with ropes carefully sealed, and permit every conceivable precaution—such as sketching round the feet, and close after scrutiny of the knots—and can utterly puzzle a severely critical audience after all, can surely afford to challenge public curiosity without hinting at the supernatural. With hands tightly tied to the back of his chair, Mr. Fay, whose performance seemed to us more surprising than that of either of the Davenports, was divested of his own coat, and invested in a paletot belonging to Mr. Yates, in each case without the seal on the wrist-knots being broken. Pinching and pats from hands, and blows from floating guitars, were felt with greater or less severity by all present, and though, as each visitor's hands were occupied in holding a neighbour's, clenching or striking were out of the question, many vigorous and well-directed kicks were fruitlessly expended on the air. Out of the remnant of the committee who remained none offered a feasible explanation of any of the tricks, which were frequently compared to the best efforts of Houdin or Fiskell, and certainly, so far as we know, none dreamt of attributing them to anything but clever conjuring. The inference is that the Davenports, or their manager, would do well to reconsider the tactics they adopt. At present the assumption of "spiritual" aid, and the bunkum talk about "phenomena" and "developments" prevent the general public patronizing what it believes to be a gross imposture. It is not too late to remedy this, and if the Davenports and Mr. Fay would but make up their minds to exhibit on their own merits, and on the footing of skilled experts, they might yet retrieve what must be regarded as a blunder, and fill their coffers from the pockets of that large class who are ever willing to pay to be well amused.

THE RECENT GALES—LAUNCH OF A NORTH SEA YAWL.

We give, on page 408, an illustration of an interesting and most exciting incident, continually taking place on the east coasts of England during heavy gales, and those of late have been most disastrous. The yawls of Yarmouth, Orfordness, Cromer, &c., are well known. They are strongly built, of great length—sixty feet long and ten feet beam is an ordinary proportion—and are entirely without decks. They have three masts—the foremost well forward, mainmast about amidships, and the mizen close to the stern; and the rig is that of an ordinary lugger.

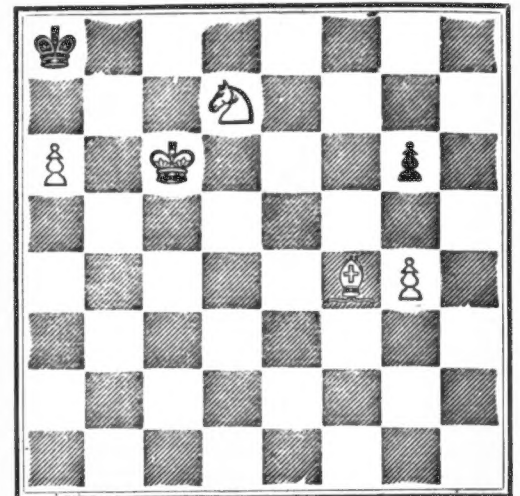
The boats are hauled up high and dry on the beach; but are always kept ready for launching. The way the boats are manned is this: the boatmen form themselves into companies at Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and employ one or two hands to be always on the watch for vessels striking on the sands, or hoisting signals of distress.

The moment a ship is observed to be in peril, the alarm is given, and those of the company who happen to be at home immediately proceed to get the yawl launched, and are soon away to the wreck. Several of these yawls are perhaps being launched at the same time; and then it is all excitement as to which will reach the vessel first, and get the greatest share of the prize.

DESSERTERS FROM THE FEDERAL NAVY.—The descriptions of the sailors of the American frigate Niagara, now at anchor off Antwerp, continue, notwithstanding that many of them are recaptured, and that the commodore has adopted the most severe measures to keep his unfaithful crew together. It is stated that at least forty men are missing at present. All sorts of schemes are resorted to in order to escape the vigilance of the Belgian police. Some change their clothes and travel in civilian costume as far as the extreme limits of Belgium on the Dutch frontier, which they seek to cross at every opportunity. Others proceed directly into the country, buy blouses and other articles from the villagers, and then endeavour to reach their destination by the most unfrequented routes. Others again adopt bolder means, annex any shore boat they can find unguarded, drop down the Scheldt, and embarking at Flushing on board any vessel bound for England, leave the boat to its fate. Twelve of the discontented mariners actually seized the Custom-house boat a few evenings since, and sailed in it for their favourite port of embarkation.

Tea uncoloured tea is now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These tea combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use hence their great demand. [Advertisement.]

Chess

PROBLEM No. 226—By F. G. BAINGER, Esq.
Black.

White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game between Messrs. J. and K.

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 8 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | 2. P to Q 4 |
| 3. P takes P | 3. P takes P |
| 4. Kt to K B 3 | 4. P to Q B 4 (a) |
| 5. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) | 5. B to Q 2 |
| 6. Q to K 2 (ch) (b) | 6. Q to K 2 |
| 7. Castles | 7. Q takes Q |
| 8. B takes Q | 8. P takes P |
| 9. R to K square | 9. B to K 2 |
| 10. Kt takes P | 10. Kt to Q B 8 |
| 11. Kt to Q Kt 5 | 11. Castles |
| 12. P to Q B 3 | 12. P to Q R 3 |
| 13. Kt to Q 4 | 13. B to Q B 4 |
| 14. B to K 3 | 14. B to Q 3 |
| 15. B to K B 3 | 15. K Kt to K 2 |
| 16. Kt takes Kt | 16. B takes Kt |
| 17. B to Q Kt 6 | 17. Q R to K Kt square (c) |
| 18. P to R 4 | 18. P to K R 4 |
| 19. Kt to Q 2 | 19. P to K Kt 4 |
| 20. P to K Kt 3 | 20. P to K B 4 |
| 21. P to Q B 4 | 21. K to Q 2 |
| 22. B to Q 4 | 22. R to K R 3 |
| 23. P to Q B 5 | 23. B to B 2 |
| 24. R to Q R 3 | 24. P to K B 5 |
| 25. P to K Kt 4 | 25. R to K 3 |
| 26. R takes R | 26. K takes R |
| 27. R to R square | 27. K to B 2 |
| 28. P to Q Kt 3 | 28. P to K R 5 (d) |
| 29. P to K R 3 | 29. R to K Kt 3 |
| 30. R to K square | 30. B to Q R 4 |
| 31. R to K 2 | 31. B takes Kt |
| 32. R takes B | 32. R to K 8 |
| 33. K to K B square | 33. Kt to K square |
| 34. B to K R 8 | 34. R to K square |
| 35. R to K 2 (e) | 35. R takes R |
| 36. K takes R | 36. K to K 3 |
| 37. K to Q 3 | 37. B to K square |
| 38. B to K Kt 7 | 38. Kt to K 2 |
| 39. B to Q B 8 | 39. B to K Kt 3 (ch) |
| 40. K to Q 2 | 40. B to K 5 |
| 41. B takes B | 41. P takes B |
| 42. K to K 2 | 42. Kt to Q 4 |
| 43. B to Q 2 | 43. K to K 4 |
| 44. P to K B 3 | 44. P takes P (ch) |
| 45. K takes P | 45. K to Q 5 |
| 46. B to Q R 5 | 46. Kt to K B 3 |
| 47. B to Q 8 | 47. Kt to K R 2 |
| 48. B to K 7 | 48. K to Q 4 |
| 49. P to Q Kt 4 | 49. K to K 3 |

Drawn game.

- (a) This is not generally considered so good as B to Q 3 or K Kt to B 3.
 (b) This check is not advisable. He should rather have taken B with B checking, afterwards Castling.
 (c) A somewhat extraordinary coup.
 (d) Hastily played. Black's chance of winning depends greatly on his power of forcing an opening on the King's side with these Pawns.
 (e) B takes K P (ch) would clearly have lost a piece.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 220.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to K 5 (ch) | 1. K takes R |
| 2. R to K B 6 | 2. Any move |
| 3. R or B mates | |

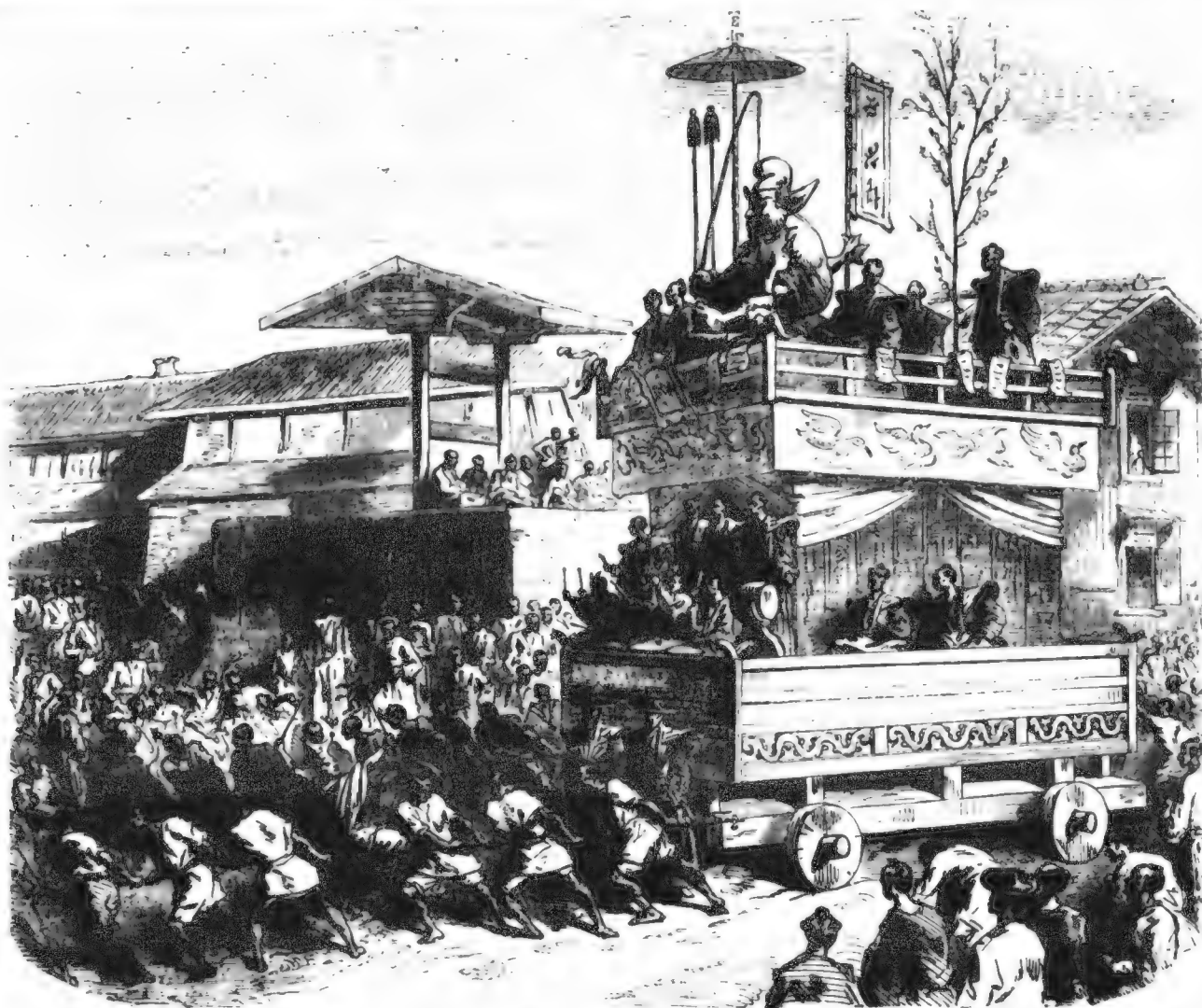
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 221.

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| 1. R checks | 1. R covers |
| 2. Kt to Q Kt 5 | 2. R takes B |
| 3. Kt to Q B 7 (dis ch) | 3. K moves |
| 4. R mates | |

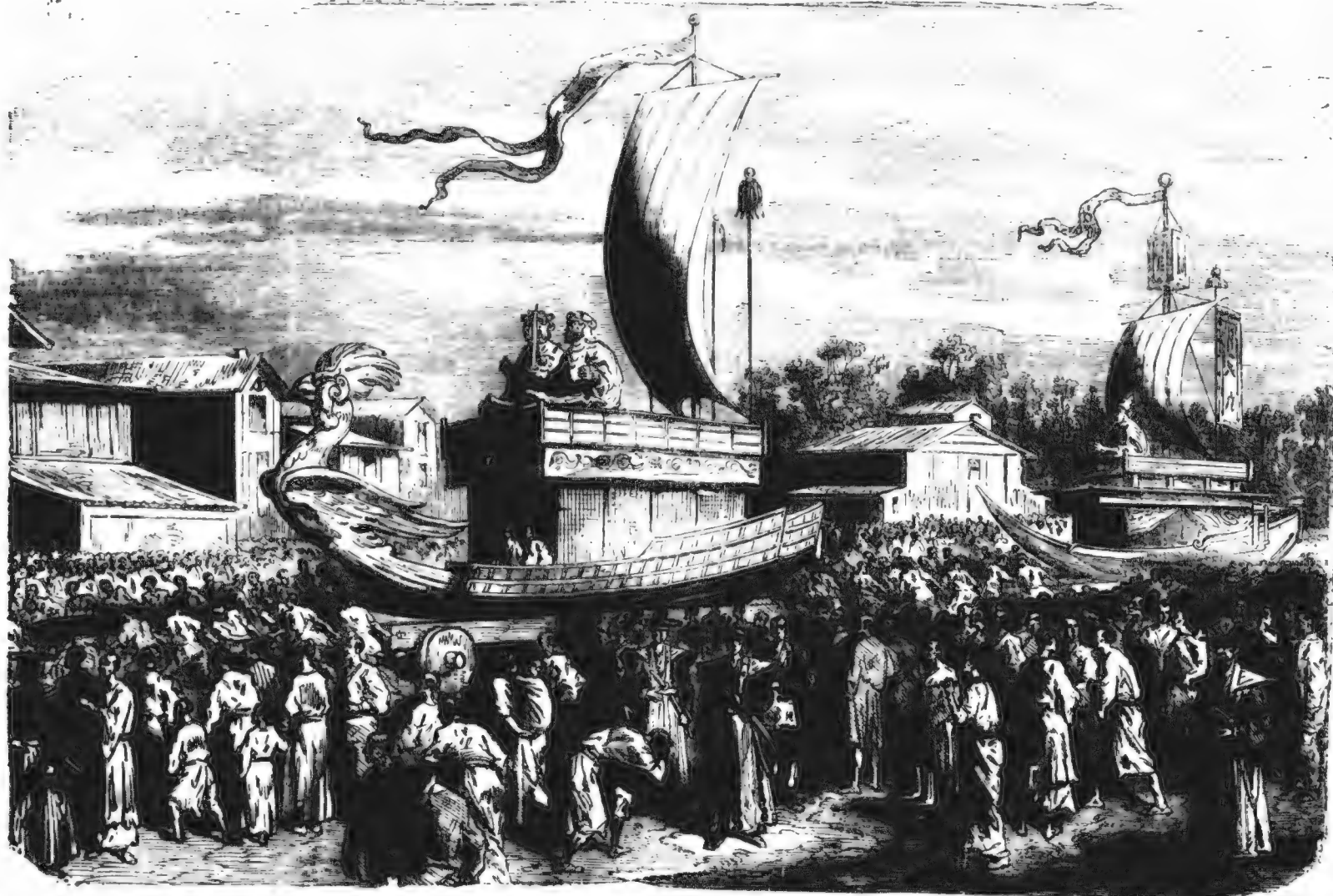
Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

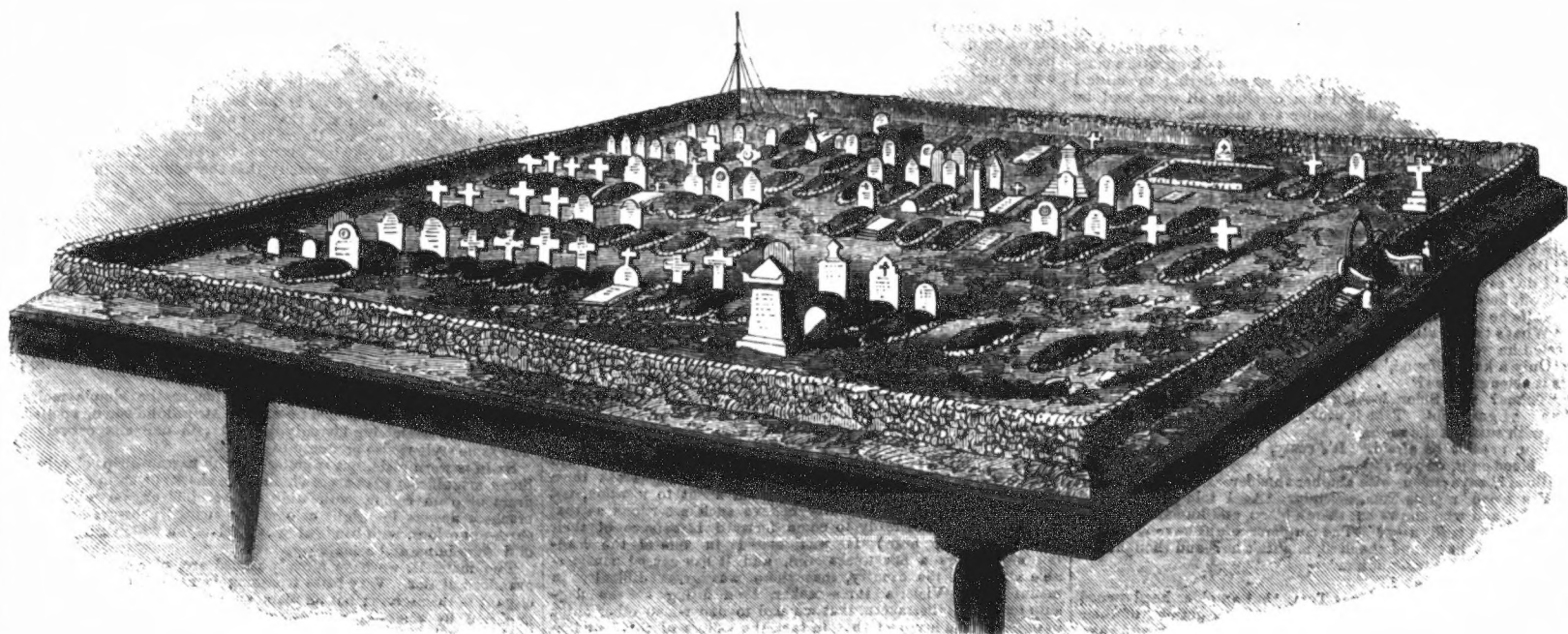
TWO THOUSAND.—5 to 1 on the field (off); 6 to 1 bar one (off).
 THE DERBY.—11 to 2 agt Mr. Merry a Liddington (t); 12 to 1 agt Mr. W. L'Anson's Breadalbane (t); 100 to 6 agt Mr. Naylor's Onstanooga (off); 22 to 1 agt Lord Stamford's Archimedes (t); 25 to 1 agt Lord Glasgow's Brother to Minnie (t); 33 to 1 agt Sir Joseph Hawley's Edminster (t); 35 to 1 agt Mr. W. L'Anson's Bromelaw (t); 40 to 1 agt Mr. H. Metville's Buck (t); 40 to 1 agt Lord Westmoreland's Brannan (t); 66 to 1 agt Mr. T. Fair Friday (t); 66 to 1 agt Mr. Naylor's Congress (t); 66 to 1 agt Captain John White's Joker (t); 8,000 to 60 agt Mr. A. Taylor's Pepper's Ghost (t); 1,000 to 12 agt Olmar and Nothing More, coupled (t); 600 even on Liddington winning the Derby, against his winning the Two Thousand.



RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS AT JAPAN.—PROCESSION OF THE GOD HOOSKUDAN. (See page 414.)



RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS IN JAPAN.—PROCESSION OF THE GOD AND GODDESS OF THE OCFAN. (See page 414.)



MODEL OF THE CEMETERY AT CATHCART'S HILL, IN THE CRIMEA.

CATHCART'S HILL, IN THE CRIMEA.

In our last we gave an engraving of three of the graves of those of our fellow-countrymen who were buried in the Crimea; also an account of the removal of the French cemetery to a more protected situation. We now give another illustration of the cemetery at Cathcart's-hill, from a model in the United Services Museum.

Cathcart's-hill, as everybody knows, derived its name from the gallant Cathcart—soldier and scholar—who met his death there—the scene of a line of heroes, who died like a hero. It was a "rectangular mound" (to borrow Mr. Russell's expression), in front of the Fourth Division camp, and commanded a view of nearly the whole position of the attack. Here stood the flag of the division, a red and white burgee, near which look-out men were stationed; and here—that is to say, close by—stood the marquee of the general and the tents of his staff. The name was first bestowed on the place from the fact that Cathcart used it as his look-out station, and will long be remembered in connexion with his lamentable death. Windham was close beside him when he fell.

There are buried in this interesting spot, besides Cathcart, General Strangways, Brigadier Goldie, Colonel Smyth, and Colonel Seymour; and the many gentlemen less known, but worthy of high honour, whose graves the reader sees before him. In order to assist the reader, however, in comprehending our engraving, we desire to impress the following directions upon him:—Let him commence at the foreground tomb in the left-hand corner, and proceed along each row from left to right. This rule will enable him to identify any monument without difficulty.

FIRST ROW.—Capt. Rooke, 47th Regt.; Monument to officers and men of 39th Regt.

SECOND ROW.—Assistant-Surgeon O'Leary, 68th Regt.; Lieut. H. Smith, 68th Regt.; Major Wynne, 68th Regt.; Ensign Twyden, 63rd Regt.; Lieut. Davies, 33rd Regt.; Lieut. Dowling, 20th Regt.; Brevet-Major Davis, 95th Regt.; Capt. Croker, 17th Regt.; Capt. Fraser, 95th Regt.; Capt. Anderson, 31st Regt.; Capt. Atcoe, 31st Regt.; Capt. F. Stevenson, 30th Regt.; Lieut-Colonel Patullo, 30th Regt.; Ensign Deane, 30th Regt.; Captain Stevenson, 30th Regt.

THIRD ROW.—Capt. Ross, 3rd Regt.; Lieut. Dennis, The Buffs; Major Chapman, 20th Regt.; Lieut. Parr, 20th Regt.; Ensign Clutterbuck, 63rd Regt.; Capt. Vaughan, 63rd Regt.; Lieut. Barker, 68th Regt.; Dr. Simpson, 17th Regt.; Lieut. Seagram, 17th Regt.

FOURTH ROW.—Capt. Fraser, 63rd Regt.; Capt. Muller, 1st Royals; Brevet-Major Harrison, 63rd Regt.; Lieut. Bellow, 1st Royals; Lieut-Colonel Swynn, 63rd Regt.; Rev. G. Strickland; Capt. Cartwright, R.B.; Capt. Edwards, 68th Regt.; Capt. Maunsell, 39th Regt.; Colonel Egan, 41st Regt.; Capt. Every, 41st Regt.; Capt. Lockhart, 41st Regt.; Captain Johnston, 41st Regt.; Lieut. Harriott, 41st Regt.; Surgeon Anderson, 41st Regt.; — Buckley; Colonel Seymour, Scotch Fusilier Guards; Major Drummond, Scotch Fusilier Guards; Capt. Lye, 20th Regt.; Lieut. Godfrey, R.B.; Capt. Riechfort, 49th Regt.; Lieut. Mitchell, 49th Regt.

FIFTH ROW.—Lieut-Colonel Shearman, 62nd Regt., Major Dickson, 62nd Regt.; Capt. Forster, 62nd Regt.; Lieut. White, 62nd

Regt.; Lieut-Colonel Tyler, 62nd Regt.; Capt. Cox, 62nd Regt.; Lieut. Blackiston, 62nd Regt.; Lieut. Curtois, 63rd Regt.; Lieut. Stone, 55th Regt.; Lieut. Hart, 21st Regt.; Lieut. Evans, 55th Regt.; Colonel Cobbe, 4th Regt.; General Campbell; General Strangways; General Cathcart; General Goldie; Lieut-Colonel Shadforth, 57th Regt.; Lieut. Tryon, R.B.

SIXTH ROW.—W. Coppinger, Irish Constabulary; Mr. Curwen, 57th Regt.; Capt. Anohmity, 57th Regt.; Capt. Hague, 57th Regt.; Lieut. Mitchell, 57th Regt.; Capt. Bland, 57th Regt.; Capt. Stanley, 57th Regt.; Lieut. Ashwin, 57th Regt.; Capt. Norman, 57th Regt.; Lieut-Colonel Cuddy, 55th Regt.; Major Rose, 55th Regt.; Capt. Schaw, 55th Regt.; Capt. Butler, 25th Regt.; Lieut. Birch, 55th Regt.; Assistant-Surgeon Morris, 55th Regt.; Artillery Monument; Lieut. Greathead, R.N.

SEVENTH ROW.—Capt. O'Tool, 46th Regt.; Lieut. Curtis, 46th Regt.; Major Townsend, Royal Artillery; Capt. Sir E. Newman, Grenadier Guards; Lieut. Kerr, 30th Regt.; Lieut. Fitzroy, R.A.; Capt. Rowley, Grenadier Guards; Lieut-Colonel Hood, Grenadier Guards; Lieut. Messenger, 46th Regt.; Lieut-Colonel Pakenham and Capt. Hon. Neville, Grenadier Guards; Lieut-Colonel Dawson, Coldstream Guards; Lieut-Colonel Cowell, Coldstream Guards; Lieut-Colonel Mackinnon, Coldstream Guards; Captain Bouverie, Coldstream Guards; Capt. Elliott, Coldstream Guards; Captain Diabrowe, Coldstream Guards; Captain Ramsden, Coldstream Guards; Lieut. Greville, Coldstream Guards; Captain Jolliffe, Coldstream Guards; Lieut-Colonel Blair, Scots Fusilier Guards; Colonel Cox, Grenadier Guards.

Literature.

THE TRACK OF EVIDENCE.

"THERE!" said Sam Onyx, laying down, with a pensive thump, the paper from which he had just been reading aloud a case of mysterious murder, the perpetrator of which had been discovered after years of ingenious tortuous search, "It is of no use for a man to commit murder. I always said this man would be found out, and he is, although there appeared to be no clue to him in the first place. Murder will out, some time, sure. I have many a time noticed it. It is according to the laws of nature, and must be so, if not right off, then by and by; if not to-day, to-morrow, next day, then a year, ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred years hence. The murderer and the murdered are sure to come out. Why, if I was on a plank alone with a man in the middle of the ocean, and was to murder him and sink him, with no ship in sight, I shouldn't feel safe. Sometime or other, something would bring me out. If I didn't tell of myself, asleep or awake, his bones would rise, or his clothes—"

"Or his sperrit?" assisted somebody.

"No, I don't believe in spirits—but his bones, clothes, or the plank, or it might be somebody might be looking at me from a ship out of sight, through a powerful spy-glass, or perhaps happening to pass by overhead just at that time in a balloon, and see me do it—and so I should feel sure I was not safe until at last I was led out to be hung. There is, you see, always a chain of evidence between the murderer and the murdered. It may be short, or it may be long. It may be broken into many separate links; but in time, one man picks up one link here, another a link there, and so on, until all the links are found, and put together, and they are strong enough to hang the man."

"It does seem so," said one of his eager listeners, in thoughtful awe. "It is the work of God."

"Seems so! It is so! I always knew that murder will out, and have seen many singular cases of it; but the most singular case that I ever heard of was the murder of George Walnut, of Squeedunk, a clerk in a drygoods store, and so covered up, according to the report, that no evidence was supposed to be left of it. He was unexpectedly missed one day, and the body wasn't found till full three years afterwards. People gave up all hopes of hearing about the poor fellow, how he came to his death, or where, or what for, or who or where his murderer was, until a traveller came to Squeedunk, and hearing of the murder of poor George, he undertook to find the body, or at least the real criminal, and bring him to justice. This traveller's name was Thomas Inchbit, and he prided himself on his detective powers—his penetration and perseverance—and he had a restless, rolling, staring kind of eye, that seemed to take in everything about him at a glance. People wished him success, but they didn't expect it. But he didn't care for what they expected; he set to work to find some links for a chain of evidence."

"But I don't see —"

"You can't see anything yet. You must wait and see. Tom Inchbit made inquiries for a month, but ascertained just about nothing which would lead to the first link. He then sat down and reflected alone for three days, and finally he said to himself, 'Here

is a piece of woods out here, and George Walnut was said to be poorly. What more likely than he should walk in the woods for his health, and there be murdered?'

"With this idea, Tom, without saying a word to anybody, walks out alone into the woods, and kicked about among the dry leaves, and examined the ground and the rocks and the trees, with strong suspicion."

"To find a clue?"

"Why, of course, to find a clue!"

"But I don't see—"

"You never will see, if you don't wait and follow his eyes and ideas. He pretty soon found various letters carved on various trees—initials of names—and among them all at last he discovered, on a tree by themselves, the letters 'G. W.'"

"George Washington, I suppose."

"George Washington, you suppose! No. George Walnut, he supposed, for he knew what to suppose. 'He certainly out those letters,' Inchbit felt convinced, and he put down 'G. W.' as his first link. 'Now, says he, 'I've got something to work on, and he felt encouraged. Looking about him a little sharper, as if Providence had directed him, he found a rusty jack-knife, which had ten blades. It had three now; a big one, a little one, and a saw-blade. The horn was gone, but he felt a conviction that this knife was a second link, and he put it in his pocket. Looking about still further, he saw a wide crack between some rocks. Something suddenly told him there was a cave there, and that he would find the body of George inside. He did find a cave, went and borrowed a spade, entered and dug for several hours, till he struck something hard."

"A box containing the bones of George."

"No. He thought so at first; but it proved to be nothing but solid rock. He dug here, and he dug there, but all was rock; and being much tired, he paused, and began to suspect he was on the wrong scent. A less resolute man would have despaired, but 'No,' says Tom Inchbit, 'I'll dig in another way; and so he dug off, back to town again, and made further inquiries about what George Walnut said and did, the last time he was seen; and showing the jack-knife confidentially."

"Nobody had seen George have such a knife, but Inchbit happened at last on an old lady, who remembered she had bought some mixed yarn of George the day he was missed. He seemed sick and unhappy, and said he wanted to go to sea for his health. This was all that Inchbit could get from her. It seems little, but he thought it a good deal."

"Wanted to go to sea. That's another link," says Tom Inchbit. "A man who goes to sea naturally goes to a vessel, in the first place. Squeedunk is a seaport town. I will go down to the water-side, and inquire among the vessels." So he went down, and by good luck he soon discovered that for years past the schooner Blue Jay had been in the habit of bringing stock from the city, for the drygoods store. "Another link," says Tom. "What more likely than that George, knowing the skipper, went in the schooner, that day, to the city?"

"So he asked the captain, who said he was not sure he didn't, and that sometimes he had; and he shouldn't wonder. 'Here is half a link more,' said Inchbit. 'I will go in her, and make further inquiries.'"

"It was during this trip, only a day's voyage, that he added three or four more links to his chain. On closely questioning the captain, the latter remembered that, on the fatal day, one of his

passengers from Squeedunk to the city was a raw-boned, swarthy, ugly-looking man, who had a discoloured nose and a several-bladed jack-knife. He remembered a saw-blade in it, because it was the first he ever saw, and had said at the time that if he was as homely as the owner of the knife he should cut his throat with it, and leave the consequences to other people. Tom now showed the rusty knife, and the skipper said it might be the same; and added that the ugly stranger's name was Sidon, or Sadose, and that, on landing in the city, he had seen him at the Mariner's Haven, at the head of the wharf."

"Seen George Walnut?" said one hearer, much gratified.

"Why, no. Pay attention. Seen this ugly fellow—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see; but I don't see—"

"But you must wait and see, or you will certainly lose the links. Up goes Tom Inchbit to the Mariner's Haven, as interested as if he had been George Walnut's only brother—"

"Did he have a brother?"

"None of your business—and asked the landlord to let him look at his arrival-book, of three years before. The landlord sent upgarret for it, and they overhauled it together; and sure enough there, at the proper date, in a fierce, big hand, stood the name of Parley Sidon and—"

"George Walnut."

"No! What do you know about it? 'Parley Sidon and Friend.' 'This is the biggest link of the lot,' says Tom to the landlord. 'Do you recollect what kind of a looking man his friend was?'

"No," says the landlord; "but I recollect that next morning the two had a quarrel. They had slept together, and the ugly man—that's Sidon—was charged by the other with stealing his money in the night; but Sidon swore no; and, as proof, said he hadn't enough money to pay his own bill; and they went out quarrelling, without paying; and that's the last I ever saw of the other fellow, to my knowledge."

"More links—I'm getting a chain!" says Inchbit. "Went out together, quarrelling about robbery!" And did you ever see Sidon again?"

"Oh, yes," says the landlord. "He's captain of a brig now. He came back a year afterwards, and paid his bill, and now he stops here once every three months, every return trip he makes. It is time for him now; brig was due yesterday; and, if you stop, I'll introduce him to you."

"Was the man hung?"

"Well, this beats all, I declare!" cried Sam Onyx, exasperated. "There you are, wanting to get to the end of the chain, before I've got the links fastened together. You would never make a detective."

"I don't care anything about the links. All I want to know is, was the man hung? You've got me so excited I can't hardly keep my seat. It would be a satisfaction to know if the man was hung at the start."

"Well, he wasn't hung at the start, and never would have been, if Tom Inchbit had been so impatient as you are. Have you got no interest in the philosophy of the thing?"

"No," said the man, nettled, "and I don't care, now, whether the man was hung or not; I hope he wasn't; and I hope George Walnut was cut into as many bits as there are links in the story!"

"Go on, Sam, go on," said the others, "and if he interrupts you again, we'll hang him."

"So do. Well—Tom waited three days, patiently, for the next link, and then the bit came to port, and Sidon came to the tavern, and the landlord introduced him to Tom, over a glass, and they sat down to talk. Tom was usually a cool fellow, but, as he afterwards said, he had his scruples about sitting down and talking with a murderer, and he felt very pale and nervous, and Sidon, the critical business he was on. Tom eyed him carefully all over, and he seemed to look homelier and homelier the more he looked at him. He thought of poor George Walnut and felt ashamed of himself because he had been drinking in a friendly manner with this monster, who, for three years, had escaped being hung, and, no doubt, thought he should escape for ever."

"I have drunk with him," thinks Tom, "but it was a means to an end; and as the end is a rope's end, I shouldn't feel ashamed. But I must begin to gather up my limbs, however I feel." And pretty soon he had a good opening.

"Do you chew?" says Parley Sidon.

"I do," says Tom, holding out a plug; "and if you don't like to bite it off, here's a knife to cut it." And he pulled out the rusty jack-knife he had found in the woods.

"What's this?" said Sidon, staring at the knife, just as Tom expected he would.

"Only a knife I found," says Tom. "Perhaps you've lost one. Does it belong to you?"

"To me?" says Sidon, looking at it with a shudder, and colouring up. "I guess not. Take it back. Horrible! I don't cut tobacco with such a knife as that."

"You needn't be afraid. It's rusty, but you don't suppose there's blood on it, do you?"

"Blood?" says Sidon, with another shudder.

"Y a blood," repeats Tom, severely. "As I told you, I found that knife; and who knows but there's blood, and human blood, on it, which makes it so rusty? The murderer might have thrown it away, after he had done the deed, mightn't he? and thought nobody would ever get track of him."

"How should I know?"

"It is an old knife," continues Tom, "but an older head owned it, I reckon. But the oldest heads are liable to get out of their latitude and longitude. Now, you are a sea-faring man, and have you ever been to Squeedunk?"

"Squeedunk?" Well, I may say I have once."

"And more, too?"

"No. Only once."

"Only once. And what did you go there for?"

"I didn't go there for," says Sidon, with a kind of sneer, as if he was mad to be so questioned; and Tom says he looked confused; "I didn't go there for anything. I got drunk—stepped aboard the vessel by mistake, and got there by accident."

"By accident? A stranger there. Then you don't remember a young drygoods clerk, George Walnut?"

"No."

"Nor the woods, nor that cave?"

"No."

"I thought not. Short memory, I suppose?"

"You ask a great many questions!" now says Sidon; "you must be crazy, or sick. You are very pale."

"It is you who are pale," says Tom, "and I want you to answer me some more questions."

"Not another word till you take more brandy," says Sidon. "You need it."

"One word for me and two for himself," thought Tom. "His guilt makes him pale, and he wants a glass to stiffen him up. But I'm willing. More drink may make him more communicative and less cautious."

"So he agreed, and they drank two or three times more. He seemed to gulp it down like a fish," Tom said, "and I thought I should soon get him drunk; but instead of that, I got floored myself. I lost all consciousness, and was put to bed, and next day I was unable to find him anywhere. Suspecting that he had got the start of me, and fled out of my reach for the present, I now thought that the best thing I could do was to go back to Squeedunk, for a day, and have a talk with George's old employer, and the town authorities. So I went back, and told them all I had discovered; and you may judge my surprise when they laughed in my face, and said that all these links, which I had taken so much pains to get together, amounted to nothing."

"That was all they knew!" exclaimed the indignant hearers.

"But how did Tom Inebit get hold of the slippery murderer, at last?"

"He didn't get hold of him," said Sam Onyx.

"No?"

"No. What the authorities said discouraged him, and he resolved not to pursue the search any further."

"But who did get the murderer?"

"Nobody."

"Then who found the body of George Walnut?"

"Everybody: for on the very day when Inebit gave up the search, George Walnut came back to Squeedunk, safe and sound."

"What? Then he wasn't murdered at all?"

"Why, no! I told you in the first place, that it was a report. But it seems he had got a letter in the city, calling him home in a hurry, as his mother was dying, a long way off. He went home, and she died, and he inherited a rich property; and not caring a fig for the people in Squeedunk, he never wrote to them."

"Not murdered, after all!" cried the disappointed hearers.

"Where was the singularity you spoke about, then?"

"In the perseverance of Tom Inebit."

"Pshaw! What did you work us up for?"

"That is what Tom Inebit said to those who had exalted him so; but they said to him, as I say to you, that it was so reported, and that he had expected a miracle without reason—viz., to find, from no evidence at all, the dead body of a man who was not dead; and he was as dissatisfied as you are that the man turned up alive. But still, as I said before, murder will out, and no doubt if that Parley Sidon had murdered, and George Walnut had been the one he killed, Tom Inebit would have had him some time, sure."

"No doubt," said everybody, dryly.

And the evidence was all in

A BOY ON A WRECK FOR SIXTEEN DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER.—Captain Robinson, of the barque Luzon, of Sunderland (Messrs. W. and J. Adamson, owners) arrived at New York from Shanghai, reports:—"On 21st, lat. 29° 7' long. 156° 54', ten a.m., discovered something floating on our port bow; bore down upon it, and found it to be the hull of a vessel, waterlogged, the sea making a clean breach over it. Sent a boat to the wreck, who returned at eleven, a.m., bringing with them a boy in a very weak state, and not able to speak. Proper restoratives were applied, and on the 22nd the boy began to show signs of recovery. A few questions being put to him in regard to the vessel, we learned that she was the French ship *Clair de Bois* of Brest. It appears that the ill-fated vessel left Marseilles Sept. 27, and on Oct. 5 in a hurricane from W.S.W. became waterlogged and on the 6th the masts, fore and aft masts on which were the captain, boatswain, twenty-seven passengers, two seamen, and the mate, who was the owner of the vessel, leaving another mate and boy, who remained by the hull, went overboard. The mate did the day previous to the boy being picked up, having been on the wreck sixteen days without food or water. The mate had his leg broken, and died for want of food. The account given by the boy of their sufferings is most melancholy."

For Toothache, Tic-doloureux, Facies, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, 14 stamps, Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—(Adv.)

LORD CLARENCE PAGET ON NAVAL MATTERS.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, the Secretary of the Admiralty, addressed his constituents in the Town Hall of Deal upon various matters of public interest, but more especially upon topics connected with his own department.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET said: I wish to notice some points which have called forth a good deal of criticism with regard to the action of the Admiralty. I have told you that we are maintaining a very large force,—indeed, something like 75,000 men—upon our naval vessels. But you have, doubtless, read in the newspapers that, in spite of all this, we have a difficulty in manning our ships. I don't believe there is any town in this country which has not been alarmed within the last few weeks by a report that we have experienced great difficulty in manning one of our line-of-battle ships—namely, the *Victoria*. (Hear, hear.) Now, no public man in England appreciates more highly than I do the blessings of a free press; and I hold that the independent and unfettered criticisms of our press are of inestimable benefit to us all. I think they keep us officials up to the mark; and, moreover, we are put in this position by them—namely, that we ought to do nothing without being prepared to show our reasons for the course we have taken. (Hear, hear.) That is, I hold, a very great public advantage. But you will permit me to refer to some late criticisms of the press, which I confess I don't think come within the category to which I have alluded. I say, it is one thing to criticise the actions of a Government, or any branch of a Government; it is another thing needlessly to alarm the public. (Hear, hear.) And I ask my countrymen whether, here or elsewhere—nor these words will go far and wide—I ask them when they hear rumours of the kind I am about to mention, not to lend a willing ear to or easily believe such assertions as that our seamen are not ready to come forward in defence of their country. (Hear, hear.) It was stated in one of the leading newspapers a few weeks ago, and it has caused considerable alarm in the country, that there was great difficulty in manning the *Victoria* three-decker, then fitting as the flagship for the Mediterranean, that we had to under-man other ships in order to man her, and that, in fact, the sailors of this kingdom were averse to serving in her Majesty's navy. Now, let me tell you this fact. The *Victoria* was commissioned on the 2nd of November last. As soon as her officers joined, orders were given to complete her complement, and it was completed in forty-eight hours. (Cheers.) The only vacancies which remained in that ship were those for five shipwrights. Now, I was told in society—for this, as you are well aware, was circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land—I was told that the crew of the *Victoria* was got together from the scum of the community, and that they were not a real man-of-war's crew. Well, I took great pains to examine the report of the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth who inspected the ship, and his report of the ship's company is this:—"A good ship's company, and above the average in appearance and quality, clean, and well clothed." (Hear, hear.) You will forgive me for entering into these details, because they are details in which the whole nation is interested; and let me add, before I quit this point, that, so far from our being short of men, I can assure you my constant occupation, as the financial officer of the Admiralty, is to check my colleagues in entering more men than the votes will bear. (Hear, hear.) I will tell you further, that at this moment—for I have taken the returns for one day last week—after the manning of this three-decker, we have upwards of one thousand seamen available and disposable, awaiting ships in our home ports, irrespective of the crews of the Marlborough and several other ships which have been lately paid off, and the men of which have gone on leave. (Hear, hear.) Is it right, then, that the public should be periodically told that we have not men to man our ships? There is another matter on which the conduct of the Admiralty has been a good deal canvassed. I have heard, and I have no doubt every one here has heard, that in these days, when it is manifest that the sending of line-of-battle ships to sea is devoting so many men to destruction, inasmuch as they are totally unfit for all the purposes of warfare, it is very injudicious and reprehensible to send any line-of-battle ship to sea at all. That is a criticism which you have all read in the public prints during the last few days. Now, let me frankly state the reasons which have induced the Admiralty to send a line-of-battle ship, the *Victoria*, to the Mediterranean as the flagship of the admiral there. It is not done because we think the admiral requires a three-decker, as has been erroneously supposed by some, but it is simply because, attached to every large squadron, you require to have a roomy, well ventilated ship, aboard of which you may put a vast number of supernumeraries—that is to say, the reinforcements which are constantly being added to the crews of the fleet. If you were to put them on board of armour-plated ships the men would, from want of ventilation, speedily become utterly useless, and have to go into hospital. And therefore, until we can find a means of ventilating our armour-plated ships, we must be satisfied to have attached to our squadrons one or more of these large, roomy ships, on board of which all of what you may call the municipal duties of the fleet can be performed. I take the case of the flagship *Victoria*. Why, in the flagship in the Mediterranean we have at all times a great number, sometimes as many as 200 supernumeraries, put on board of that ship. I ask would the people of this country be satisfied if they heard that we had cramped up our men and caused fevers and diseases to break out among them because he had thought fit to put them on board of such ships as were fit to go immediately into action? These, then, are the simple reasons why the Admiralty have deemed it expedient that there should be attached to the Mediterranean fleet a large, roomy ship where all the admiral's business can be transacted—business analogous to that which military men connect with the office of adjutant-general, quartermaster-general, and the staff of the army. We have in the fleet a great mass—alas, too great a mass!—of writing and correspondence to be got through, and therefore we require to have a great extent of accommodation. And it is for this purpose, and not for the sake of any idle pageantry, that we keep our admirals on board of what Mr. Cobden calls these great floating slaughter-houses; it is not for the mere convenience of the admiral, but for the convenience of the fleet, that we have one of these commodious ships attached to the squadron. One more point connected with the administration of the navy I should wish, with your permission, to notice. You have all watched, I doubt not, the great experiments going on with regard to gunnery and likewise with regard to the kind of armour-plating which is likely to be useful for the navy, and among other systems you will have observed one which has lately engaged the public attention to a great degree—namely, the turret system. A very intelligent officer of the navy has brought to considerable perfection the principle of working the turret; and on board the *Royal Sovereign* we have, during the past summer, had many interesting trials. Now, it has been supposed that there is a prejudice entertained at the Admiralty against the turret system, and that consequently the *Royal Sovereign* is destined to be laid upon the shelf and kept out of the view of the public. Now nothing can be more fallacious than that idea. The history of the *Royal Sovereign* is a very simple one. She was commissioned during the past summer, and went out in order to test the system of working her guns in turrets. Well, let me here have the pleasure—and it is to me a sincere pleasure—of stating that as far as we have had experience in the working of the turret the principle is a great success. (Hear, hear.) We have found that various difficulties which were expected by many to arise have vanished in practice; and I am one of those who have ever been very sanguine that this new system of defence will take a great

place in the naval armaments of this country. I have every reason to be equally sanguine now. But with respect to the *Royal Sovereign*, her own captain, one of the most distinguished officers in the service, reported that although the turret system, in his opinion and the opinion of all on board, worked most satisfactorily nevertheless the *Royal Sovereign*, as she is not what we call an efficient cruising ship for sea-going, that the turret which can be exposed of her is that she should be available for the protection of our coast; and that, in an emergency, she might be sent to the Mediterranean. Under these circumstances the Admiralty thought it would be unwise to keep her in commission as a sea-going ship, inasmuch as it was evident that she could not fulfil all the conditions of a sea-going ship.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

EACH month, as it arrives, seems to bring with it an increasing number of novelties; the best houses are crowded with new designs. La mode has been so varied and capricious for some time past, that it has been no easy matter to select novelties for our readers. Formerly a dressmaker had but to say to her customer, "Such a style is no longer worn—this is the present fashion;" but now a lady has her own ideas of dress, and the skillful modiste knows how to advise, so that that which is most becoming may be selected; which, after all, gives the greatest charm to dress.

The moire antique of to-day is no longer the simple moire, elegant as that was; but it is now made striped, flowered, spotted, with figures resembling hieroglyphics, &c., in dull silk or velvet. The same style is also produced in taffetas.

So in is worn plain, but is preferred with narrow strips of velvet. Some magnificent silks are made in large checks of satin and gros-grain of plain colour, with wide stripes of black, on which are brocade flowers in bright colours; or spotted gros-grains of all shades of colour, with bands of white velvet, on which are wreaths of flowers in natural colours.

The materials we have already named are, of course, only for grandes toilettes. Very little trimming is needed, as they are so elegant in themselves; but on plain silks or satins—which are still preferred by some—trimmings, whether of lace, passementerie, feathers, or flowers, are liberally crowded.

Double skirts are gaining favour. The upper one is generally open up the front and back to the waist, so as to show the under one, which should be of different colour. The under skirt is simply trimmed with a narrow flounce, set on in flat plaits, headed with a passementerie cord. The upper skirt, which is generally of satin, is very much trimmed, either with cords, plaques, buttons, chains of passementerie and braid, and, indeed, all manner of trimmings. However elegant this style may look for tall women, it must plainly be seen that it cannot possibly be so for those below the ordinary height; and, therefore, in that case, it should be trimmed as little as possible.

Skirts are very much trained, out quite round at the bottom so as to make them set out. This is certainly graceful for indoor wear; but, as the length of dress is not always in proportion to the size of the apartment, a lady must expect to have her dress frequently trodden upon. However, one thing is certain, that the modes of this year are much more becoming than those of past winters, and that, by making some slight modifications, a lady of taste may be not only elegantly but becomingly pressed.

For morning dress, poplins, reps, and foulards are still the favourite materials.

Baques are gaining favour daily. They are made sometimes in one fashion, sometimes in another; but baques of all shapes and sizes are decidedly the fashion. There is, however, one thing against which we must warn our readers—that is, wearing a band over the baque; nothing can be more ungraceful. Some have even worn them over paletoes; we need scarcely point out the absurdity of such a style. We do not wish to say a word against the band—we have always admired the round body and band—but then let it be the accompaniment of the round body, not an addition to the baque, which is quite ornamental and becoming in itself. The mixture of the two is simply absurd.

Sleeves are still worn nearly tight; good news for the winter.

Jackets are the favourite wear for at home dress. They are, however, admissible even for evening wear, when made of suitable materials. The *veste Russe* is very elegant made of velvet, trimmed with rich passementerie or fur, and without sleeves. The waistcoat, which is generally of light-coloured foulard, should have long full sleeves fastened into a wrist-band. Some of these jackets are trimmed with a band of feathers, an ornament which is daily gaining favour.

The paillet is still the favourite form of out-door dress. They are made short and drawn in at the waist, so as nearly to fit the figure. Coloured plush, with fancy buttons, is very much used, and with many has taken the place of velvet. The latter materials, trimmed very richly, either with guipure, passementerie, or fur.

Botoues are made quite short, with or without hoods. The hoods are much worn this year; and, when well made, are very becoming.

The bonnets—which are worn even smaller than they were last month—admit of greater variety in the trimmings; indeed, almost anything is employed for this purpose. Tons pearls, jet, malachite, flowers, feathers, lace, chenille, seem equally in favour; each, however, in small quantities, according to the size of the bonnet, and even that principally at the back in place of the curtain. Flowers of velvet glaze are preferred, and also leaves powdered, both of which have a very charming effect, and form very pretty trimmings.

Velvet is much used for strings, and with good taste, we think, as it is certainly very becoming.

Some of the best houses are preparing marvellously elegant head-dresses for the winter season. Strings of pearls, aigrettes of every kind, pink rock coral, small foreign birds placed on bouquets of roses or daisies, butterflies in their natural colours, the wings of flies, mounted with coral, or flowers, are amongst the many materials employed.

SCENES IN JAPAN.

THE allied fleets are still at Japan, and no satisfactory settlement of differences has yet been arrived at. In some parts there is a very friendly feeling towards the allies, while in others the princes are exceedingly hostile. Several interesting scenes have taken place while the fleet has been stationed there, and, from sketches taken, we give engravings on pages 409 and 412.

On reference to our large illustration of Japanese gladiators, it will be seen that these displays resemble our own Cornish or Devonshire wrestling matches, being patronised by the princes of Japan in the same way that our English nobility still extend their support to those athletic sports. The gladiators are the biggest and most muscular men to be found. They undergo a regular training, and are as proud of their prowess as the most noted of British wrestlers or boxers.

Our two other illustrations relate to the religious festivals, which generally last two days. There is something of the Indian Juggernaut form about these processions, but without the horrors of self-immolation beneath the wheels of the cars. The huge images in these cars are generally the gods or the saints of the ocean, the earth, the sun, &c., and also of different trades, for these latter in their respective offices with devices sewed up the religious festivals.

Mr. J. JACKSON, of Fairfield, has purchased the celebrated Blair Athol for the sum of 7,500 guineas, by far the largest sum given in modern times for a racehorse.—*Bell's Life*.

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